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MORE PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

A BRAND-NEW COLLECTION OF SOPHISTICATED HUMOR
FROM AMERICA'S MOST SOPHISTICATED MAGAZINE

MORE PLAYBOY'S

PARTY JOKES

SELECTED BY THE EDITORS OF PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

Femlin Illustrations by LeRoy Neiman

A PLAYBOY POCKET BOOK

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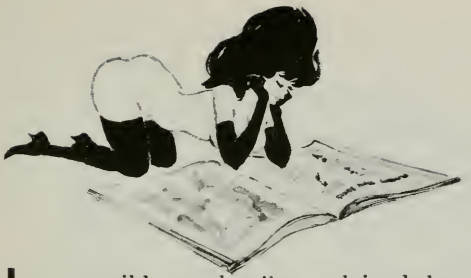


It was terrible, mother," complained the curvy teenager. "I had to change my seat four times at the movies."

"Some man started bothering you?" asked mother.

"Yes," said the girl. "Finally."

The voluptuous redhead was walking down a dimly lit street when a man jumped out of the bushes.

"Give me your money," he demanded.

"I d-don't have any," she managed to reply.

"Give me your money or I'll search you!" he threatened.

She repeated that she didn't have any, then gasped as he made a tentative search.

"You'd better give me your money now," he said menacingly, "or I'm going to *really* search you!"

"But I don't have any!" she protested, almost in tears.

So he *really* searched her.

"I guess you were on the level," he finally muttered angrily. "You don't have any money on you."

"For heaven's sake," she wailed, "don't stop now. I'll write you a check."

Concluding his final lecture before the holidays, the professor of criminal law observed, "Remember, gentlemen, if you have an affair with a girl under age, with or without her consent, it's rape; if you have an affair with a girl *of* age, without her consent, that's rape; but if you have an affair with a girl of age, *with* her consent, Merry Christmas!"

If, as the scientists say, sex is such a driving force, why is so much of it nowadays found parked?

A profound philosophy of life is reflected in the reply of a no-longer-wealthy roué who, when asked what he had done with all his money, said: "Part of it went for liquor and fast automobiles, and part of it went for women. The rest I spent foolishly."

Our Unabashed Dictionary offers this definition of the difference between *frustration* and *panic:* Frustration is the first time you discover you can't do it the second time. Panic is the second time you discover you can't do it the first time.

The advance proofs of a cookbook for hipsters recently came our way. Wildest recipe is for a salad: You cut up lettuce, tomatoes, cucumbers and green peppers. Then you add a dash of marijuana, and the salad tosses itself.

"I can get you a couple of weekend engagements in Atlantic City and Buffalo. Then, who knows, maybe later something in showbiz."

"I've been trying to tell you all week—I'm not Anthony, I'm his messenger . . . !"

Something the matter?" asked the bartender of the young, well-dressed customer who sat staring sullenly into his drink.

"Two months ago my grandfather died and left me $85,000," said the man.

"That doesn't sound like anything to be upset about," said the bartender, polishing a glass. "It should happen to me."

"Yeah," said the sour young man, "but last month an uncle on my mother's side passed away. He left me $150,000."

"So why are you sitting there looking so unhappy?" asked the bartender.

"This month—so far—not a cent."

The divorce court was attentive as the wealthy woman complained to the judge that her husband had left her bed and board. When she had finished, the husband rose to his feet and coolly replied: "A slight correction, Your Honor. I left her bed—bored."

The curvy redhead was wearing something she called an Atomic Bikini—50 percent fallout. "If anybody tries to criticize this bathing suit," she declared, "I'll just laugh it off."

We just heard about an unhappy musician who worked hard on a new arrangement, and then his wife decided not to leave town after all.

The analyst was concerned about the results of a Rorschach Test he had just given, for the patient associated every ink blot with some kind of sexual activity.

"I want to study the results of your test over the weekend," he said, "then I'd like to see you again on Monday morning."

"OK, Doc," the man agreed, and then as he was slipping on his coat, he said, "I'm going to a stag party tomorrow night. Any chance I might be able to borrow those dirty pictures of yours?"

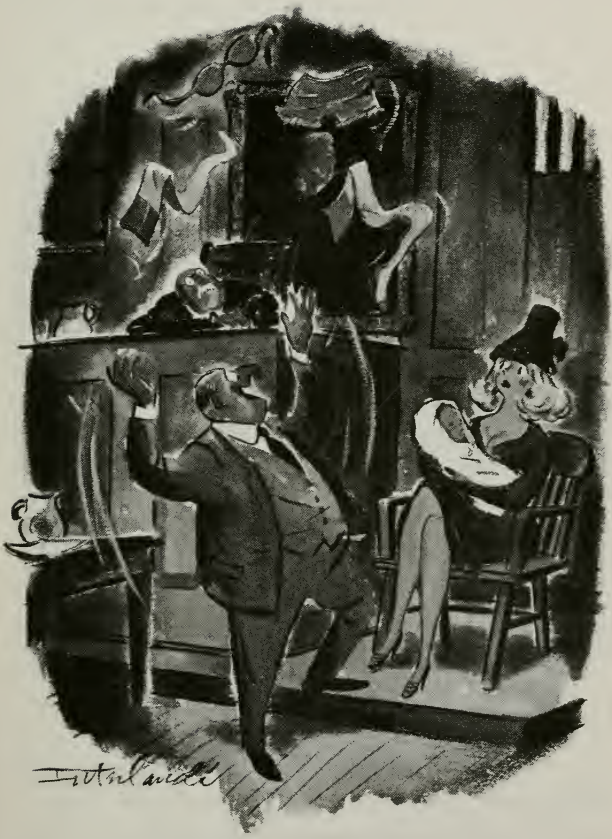
While making love to his wife, Carl discovered he couldn't concentrate. Though they'd been married only a few years, he reflected unhappily, their lovemaking had become infrequent and essentially joyless. Then quite suddenly, alarmed, he cried: "What happened? Did I hurt you?"

"No," said his surprised wife. "Why do you ask?"

"No reason, really," he replied with a sigh. "It was just that, for one moment there, I thought you moved."

The popular girl is the one who has been weighed in the balance and found wanton.

A new organization has been formed, called Athletics Anonymous. When you get the urge to play golf, baseball, or any other game involving physical activity, they send someone over to drink with you until the urge passes.



"Whoopee! Does that bring anything to mind, Miss LaVerne?"

"Get out of there, Pierre."

A word to the weight-conscious: If you want to get a youthful figure, ask a woman her age.

Did you follow my advice about kissing your girl when she least expects it?" asked the sophisticated college senior of his younger fraternity brother.

"Oh, hell," said the fellow with the swollen eye, "I thought you said *where*."

Over morning coffee the three shop girls were considering what kind of man they'd prefer being shipwrecked with on a desert island.

"I'd want a fellow who was a wonderful conversationalist," said the first.

"That would be nice," said the second, "but I'd rather have a guy who knew how to hunt and could cook the things he caught."

The third smiled and said, "I'd settle for a good obstetrician."

Margie was an enthusiastic newlywed and, after discussing the family budget with her husband, she decided she should get a temporary job. Bouncing into the public library, she approached the attentive old maid sitting at the reference desk.

"Could you please give me the name of a good book on positions?" she inquired.

"What kind of positions did you have in mind?" asked the old librarian with a starched smile.

"Oh, you know—" explained the bright-eyed young girl, "—the different kinds of positions a bride might take."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *race horse* as an animal that can take several thousand people for a ride at the same time.

When her friends got word that Betty, a beautiful young starlet, had married Homer, an elderly gentleman worth ten million dollars, they all sent her Get Will cards.

The boss had listened in sympathetic silence as Sylvester went through the reasons why he needed, and felt he deserved, a raise. Then, with a benevolent smile, he patted the younger man on the shoulder. "Yes, Sylvester," he said kindly, "I know you can't get married on the salary I'm paying you—and someday you'll thank me for it."

"I'd rather not. That's how all my troubles got started."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *executive suite* as a sugar daddy.

Did you pick up any Italian on your vacation?" the secretary asked the honey blonde at the next desk.

"I'll say I did," enthused the honey.

"Let me hear you say some words."

"I didn't learn any words."

After the lavish wedding reception, the newlyweds retired to their honeymoon suite. The groom turned down the lights and found something suitably romantic on the radio. Then he excused himself and returned in pajamas and robe. He opened a bottle of champagne and poured them each a drink, then he took his bride by the hand and tenderly led her toward the bedroom.

"Damn," she muttered, "every time I go out with a guy it ends up the same way."

Hey, Sally," said the college man, "how come you're not wearing my fraternity pin?"

"But, Bob, it was such a nuisance," the pretty coed pouted playfully. "All the fellows were complaining that it scratched their hands."

She was "honeychile" in New Orleans,
The hottest of the bunch;
But on the old expense account,
She was gas, cigars and lunch.

Don't you think he dresses nattily?" asked one secretary of another, regarding the young executive walking past the water cooler.

"Natalie who?" her co-worker demanded.

A friend of ours who rarely sleeps alone observes knowingly that one good turn usually gets most of the blanket.

"Why, Mr. Krock! That makes the fifth time this afternoon you've sliced your ball into the woods!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *protein* as a call-girl too young to vote.

With the world of Paris passing by their outdoor café Gaston was explaining to Pierre the plot of *Lolita,* which he had just finished reading.

"It is an amazing book," Gaston said to his worldly friend. "It tells of a love affair between a middle-aged man and a twelve-year-old."

"Ah!" exclaimed Pierre. "A twelve-year-old *what?*"

It was the first day for Joyce, the newly hired salesgirl in the maternity shop, and a hectic day it had been. The store had been crowded from the moment its doors opened, and the girl had sped from one customer to another without stopping. Now, just as she concluded a large sale and anticipated a breathing spell, the doors opened and a fresh flood of obviously expectant ladies poured in.

"Ye gods!" the exhausted salesgirl cried in anguish. "Doesn't *anyone* do it for fun any more?"

Advice to the exhausted: When wine, women and song become too much for you, give up singing.

The Hollywood star announced to her press agent that she was about to enter wedlock again, for the fifth time.

"Oh," said the agent. "Against whom?"

The Latin American diplomat was describing his country to a U.S. women's club.

"Our most popular sport is bullfighting," he declared.

One matron, obviously upset at the thought of so bloody a spectacle, asked, "But isn't it revolting?"

"No," said the Latin, smiling, "that is our second most popular sport."

As Mark fixed himself a martini to carry him through the ordeal of waiting while Peggy got ready for their date, he could hear her singing in the shower.

"Sorry I'm so late," she finally called out to him, "but I was shopping and lost track of the time." Clutching a large towel about her, she edged into the room. "Would you like to see me in my new dress?" she asked.

Mark took appreciative note of her newly bathed charms straining at the confines of the barely adequate towel.

"I would like," he said with a smile, "nothing better."

We've come across a refreshingly unique proposal of marriage "Honey, how would you like to do this *every* night?"

A man will often take a girl to some retreat in order to make advances.

". . . And so, sir—when this cad tried to insinuate that I was too familiar with your fine daughter—well, I—I struck him, sir . . ."

The beautiful Belinda knew that Mervin had relatively little experience as a lover and she was surprised when he parked the car in a dark and romantic spot, then swept her into a passionate embrace. After several minutes filled with kisses, he drew back rather proudly, straightened his tie, and asked, "How was *that*?"

"You know, Mervin," she confided, "you're the first man I've met whose kisses make me sit up and open my eyes."

"Really?" he said, quite obviously pleased.

"Yes," she admitted. "Usually they have the opposite effect."

Affirmation of an ancient proverb comes from a sporty acquaintance of ours who assures us that two heads are indeed better than one, especially when they happen to be on the same coin.

Sue lay sprawled in sweet exhaustion on the bed, wearing a red ribbon in her bright blonde hair. Beside her, wearing not even a ribbon, Mark slowly lit two cigarettes and passed one to her. For a long moment smoke and silence hung in the air. Then:

"My mother always told me to be good," Sue said with a little smile. "Was I?"

Almost as pitiable as the fellow who was tried and found wanting is the guy who wanted and was found trying.

"Knockers?"

We know an amorous millionaire who's terribly indiscreet, yet so wealthy that he doesn't give a damn. He begins each letter to his sweethearts, "My Darling, and Gentlemen of the Jury . . ."

It's usually a girl's geography that determines her history.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudists* as people who go in for altogetherness.

We've heard of a new low in community standing: a man whose credit rating is so bad his money isn't accepted.

Some girls are music lovers. Others can love without it.

Spencer, the well-tailored man-about-town, walking ruefully out of court after getting stung by the decision in a paternity suit, was overheard to remark:

"When I make a beaut, it's a mistake."

When Tom, the rising young insurance executive, appeared at his friend Ed's home in the early-morning hours, asking to be put up for the night, Ed was concerned by his friend's hollow-eyed appearance.

"What happened, Tom? You and your wife have a fight?"

"Yeah. When I got home tonight I was really beat, tired as hell. So when she asked me for fifty dollars for a new dress . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Well," Tom went on sheepishly, "I guess I must have been half asleep or something, because I said, 'All right, but let's finish this dictation first.' "

Girls who don't repulse men's advances advance men's pulses.

It was while they were crushed together in passionate embrace that Harry decided the psychological moment was at hand to tell Marge.

"Honey," he whispered, "I want you to know that I think you're a wonderful person, and that I certainly appreciate your—uh—company, but as far as I'm concerned wedlock is nowhere."

In reply, Marge uttered only a small sigh of pleasure.

"I mean," Harry went on doggedly, "you're more like a sister to me."

At that, Marge's lovely eyes opened, and her lips parted in surprise.

"My God," she murmured, "what a home life you must have!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

Both *bigamy* and *marriage* as having one wife too many;

Hula dance as a shake in the grass;

Individualist as a man who lives in the city and commutes to the suburbs;

Orgy as group therapy;

Suburban husband as a gardener with sex privileges;

Well-proportioned girl as one with a narrow waist and a broad mind.

"Is that all you got me out here in the woods for?"

Two well-dressed, matronly women entered the business office and approached an executive.

"Sir," said one, "we are soliciting funds for the welfare and rehabilitation of wayward women. Would you care to donate?"

"Sorry," replied the exec, "but I contribute directly."

In the traditional ocean-liner interview, the reporter said to the glamorous movie queen, "I understand you were courted by many European noblemen during your four weeks abroad."

"That's right, honey," she replied, hiking her skirt still higher and smiling into the flashing cameras. "I managed to make every second count."

Epitaph for the tombstone of a cool musician: "Man, this cat is really gone."

Cynthia's fine figure had been poured into a beautiful form-fitting gown and she made a point of calling her date's attention to it over and over again throughout the evening. Finally, over a nightcap in his apartment he said, "You've been talking about that dress all evening long. You called my attention to it first when we met for cocktails, mentioned it again at dinner, and still again at the theatre. Now that we're here alone in my penthouse, what do you say we drop the subject?"

We know a girl who hates losing her heart to a man, but who loves having him search for it.

Johnny, a Hollywood youngster, was very proud because he had the most parents at the P.T.A. meeting.

All it really takes to separate the men from the boys is girls.

Marriage is like a long banquet with the dessert served first.

After a pleasant picnic in the woods, Mark described his girlfriend as the down-to-earth type.

Mrs. Farnsworthy felt bereaved but sympathetic when she got the news that Juliette, her jewel of a French maid, was leaving to get married.

"Ah, well," she said, seeing the glow of happiness on the girl's beautiful young face, "I am overjoyed for you, Juliette. You will have it much easier now that you're getting married."

"Yes, Madam," said the girl, with a tingle of anticipation that made her trim figure tremble, "and more frequently as well."

Flustered and flushed, Carol sat in the witness chair. The beautiful but empty-headed blonde had gotten herself named corespondent in a divorce case, and was presently being questioned in court.

"So, Miss Jones," the lawyer intoned, "you admit that you went to a hotel with this man?"

"Yes, I do, but I couldn't help it."

"Couldn't help it? Why not?"

"He deceived me."

"And how did he do that?"

"Well," Carol said earnestly, "he told the clerk at the reception desk that I was his wife."

"Where the hell were you when I was down here skindiving?"

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TRAVEL
LARRY KLEIN

Henry was helping his son fly a kite in the back yard, but was having trouble getting it to stay up. His wife stood watching them from the porch. Henry had just run the entire length of the yard, trying to pull the kite into the air, only to have it thrash about uncertainly and plummet to the ground.

"Henry," said the wife, "you need more tail."

"I wish you'd make up your mind," said Henry, panting heavily. "Last night you told me to go fly a kite!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *adult western* as one in which the hero still loves his horse, only now he's worried about it.

It's no fun to kiss a girl over the phone unless you happen to be in the same booth with her.

At the risk of differing with Dorothy Parker, a friend of ours insists that men often make passes at girls who wear glasses. It really depends on their frames.

We've just been informed that the Internal Revenue Department has streamlined its tax form for this year. It goes like this:

(A) How much did you make last year?

(B) How much have you left?

(C) Send B.

Whoever it was who first called women the fair sex didn't know much about justice.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

Continence as mind over what matters;

Falsies as hidden persuaders;

Happy married couple as a husband out with another man's wife;

Maiden aunt as a girl who never had sense enough to say uncle;

Proposal as a proposition that lost its nerve;

Shotgun wedding as a case of wife or death;

Vicious circle as a wedding ring.

Marriage starts with billing and cooing, but only the billing lasts.

Getting married is a good deal like going into a restaurant with friends. You order what you want, then when you see what the other fellow has, you wish you had taken that.

Hollywood marriages are evidently losing their reputation for brevity: we've just heard about a producer who liked one of his wives so well that he decided to hold her over for a second week.

Duncan Crackburg
Stag & Smoker
CAKE MIX
Chuck Miller

It was teatime in the pad, and the air hung heavy in thick blue folds as the beat bunch and their tourist friends lit up. Suddenly, a loud voice in the hall demanded that they open the door in the name of legality. The smokers frantically gathered their still-smoking weeds and stuffed them in the cuckoo clock. The police entered, searched diligently, found nothing and left. The bunch breathed a sigh of relief and made for the cuckoo clock just as the clock's hands announced three A.M. The little door popped open, the bird poked his head out and said, "Hey mannn, what time is it?"

Martin was known among his friends for the punctuality with which he sent his wife her alimony payment each month. When asked the reason for his haste he shivered and explained: "I'm afraid that if I ever should fall behind in my payments, she might decide to repossess me."

A girl who says she'll go through anything for a man usually has his bank account in mind.

The single-minded dedication required of those who apply themselves to the great advertising game is illustrated by the story of Harry and Joe, Mad Ave types, who met for lunch for the first time in months.

"Where," queried Harry, lifting his lunch and sipping it, "has Charlie Harris been hanging out?"

"Great guns! Haven't you heard? Charlie went to the Great Agency in the Sky."

"You're kidding!"

"Nope. He died last month."

"Good Lord. What did he have?"

"Nothing much," Joe said, reflectively. "A small toothpaste account, and a couple of department stores, but nothing worth going after."

The adaptability of the human animal never fails to amaze us: we've just heard about the girl who was picked up so often that she began to grow handles.

Mrs. Brown pulled Mrs. Green out of earshot of the porch, where Mrs. Green's lovely young daughter, Carol, sat.

"It's really none of my business," whispered Mrs. Brown, "but have you noticed what your daughter is doing?"

"Carol?" Mrs. Green responded apprehensively. "Why, no. What's she up to?"

Mrs. Brown leaned closer. "She's knitting tiny garments," she hissed.

Mrs. Green's troubled brow cleared. "Well thank goodness," she said, smiling. "I'm glad to see she's taken an interest in something besides running around with boys."

We recently met a beautiful creature who is so dumb she believes that the English Channel is the one on TV on which you watch British movies.

Science is making so many strides ahead, almost daily, that it gets increasingly difficult for the layman to keep up. Latest invention we've heard about is a toothpaste with built-in food particles, for people who can't eat between every brushing.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *neurotic* as a person who worries about things that didn't happen in the past, instead of worrying about something that won't happen in the future, like normal people.

"There, Sheila—all fixed. Now remember, next time you get angry don't go around slamming doors . . ."

"I'm perfectly willing to play for those stakes, old boy, but hadn't you better ask your wife first?"

Two sexy young starlets were sipping stingers at Chasen's, in Hollywood.

"You remember that backless, frontless, sideless evening gown I wore to the sneak preview last week?" asked the first.

"Sure," said her friend. "It was a sensation."

"I just found out it's a belt."

May I be of help, sir?" asked the impeccably attired, haughty salesman in the foreign car showroom.

"Yep," said the casually dressed and obviously self-made man of means. "My girlfriend isn't feeling well. Wha'cha got in the way of a get-well car?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gold digger* as a human gimme pig.

I have seven children and I've just found out my husband has never really loved me," said the distraught woman to her lawyer.

"There, there, my dear," said the attorney. "Just imagine the fix you'd be in today if he *had*."

Preparing to fight one another, the two little Hollywood boys were exchanging the eternal taunts.

"My father can beat your father!" cried one.

"Oh, yeah?" said the other. "Your father *is* my father!"

A staff researcher has come up with proof that most girls wouldn't stay out late if fellows didn't make them.

Passionate picnickers should bear in mind that some girls are like flowers—they grow wild in the woods.

The old maid rushed up to the policeman. "I've been raped, I've been attacked," she cried. "He ripped off my clothing. He smothered me with burning kisses, then he made mad, passionate love to me!"

"Calm yourself, calm yourself, madam," said the officer. "Just when did all this take place?"

"Twenty-three years ago this September," said the woman.

"Twenty-three years ago!" he exclaimed. "How do you expect me to arrest anyone for something he did twenty-three years ago?"

"Oh, I don't want you to arrest anyone, officer," said the woman. "I just like to talk about it, that's all."

After two years in the New York headquarters of a large advertising agency, the stunning steno was transferred to the company's Chicago office. The morning she reported to her new desk, her boss invited her into his office and said, friendlylike, "I hope you'll be happy working with us, Miss Carson. We'll expect about the same of you here as you've been accustomed to in New York."

"Yes, sir," said she efficiently, "that's what I'd anticipated. Do you mind if I hang my blouse over this chair?"

He held her close against him, a warm glow of satisfaction covering them both.

"Am I the first man you ever made love to?" he asked.

She studied him reflectively. "You might be," she said. "Your face looks very familiar."

A woman with a past attracts men who hope history will repeat itself.

The newlyweds were obviously suffering from exhaustion and after a routine examination, their doctor advised, "It's not unusual for a young couple to overdo things during the first weeks of marriage. What you both need is more rest. For the next month I want you to limit your sexual activity to those days of the week with an 'r' in them. That is, Thursday, Friday and Saturday."

Since the end of the week was approaching, the newlyweds had no immediate difficulty following the doctor's orders. But on the first evening of scheduled rest the young bride found herself unusually passionate. Hubby fell asleep quickly, but she tossed and turned interminably and finally nudged her spouse into partial wakefulness.

Expecting daylight and confused because it was still dark, he asked, "What day is it?"

"Mondray," said his bride, cuddling against him.

Sam," said the agent, "I want you should meet Bubbles LaVerne, a sensational new stripper I have just discovered. She will be a knockout as the feature in your club."

Sam looked the shapely cutie up and down, removed the cigar from his mouth, and said: "Well, don't just stand there, sweetheart. Undo something."

What are you nagging me about?" complained the husband. "I was in last night by a quarter of 12."

"You were not, you liar!" cried the irate wife. "I heard you come in and the clock was striking three."

"Well, stupid," said hubby, "isn't three a quarter of 12?"

The Madison Avenue exec was dallying with both his secretary and the French maid, and on this particular evening he called home to make his excuses for a night out with the secretary. Babette, the French maid, answered the phone and the executive said in a very businesslike manner, "Tell Madam she'd better go to bed and I'll be along as soon as I can."

"Oui, Monsieur," purred Babette, "and who shall I say is calling?"

My goodness, Mr. Bartholomew," purred the pretty young thing, "I've never met a landlord quite like you before. I wonder if I could pay a few months' rent in advance?"

Vacation time was sun-tan time as far as Joan, an admirably proportioned secretary, was concerned, and she spent almost all of her time on the roof of her hotel sopping up the warm sun's rays. She wore a bathing suit the first day, but on the second she decided that no one could see her way up there and she slipped out of it for an over-all tan. She'd hardly begun when she heard someone running up the stairs; she was lying on her stomach, so pulling a towel over her derriére, she continued to recline as before.

"Excuse me, miss," said the flustered little assistant manager of the hotel, out of breath from running up the stairs. "The Hotel Plaza doesn't mind you sunning on the roof, but we would very much appreciate your wearing your bathing suit as you did yesterday."

"What difference does it make?" Joan asked rather coolly. "No one can see me up here and, besides, I'm covered with a towel."

"Not exactly," said the embarrassed little man. "You're lying on the dining room skylight."

The man who can read women like a book usually likes to read in bed.

Give some girls an inch and they've got a new bathing suit.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *money* as the poor man's credit card.

"Mr. Brown can't see you now. He's taking his coffee break."

"Now that you've chosen between us, Eileen, do you mind if I watch?"

We just heard about the unlucky fellow who phoned his girl to see if she was doing anything that evening. She said she wasn't, so he took her out. And sure enough, she wasn't.

Your continual unfaithfulness proves you are an absolute rotter," stormed the outraged wife who had just caught her husband for the seventh time in a sportive romp with another woman.

"Quite the contrary," came the cool reply. "It merely proves that I'm too good to be true."

A man-about-bistros we know assures us that he has no trouble leaping out of bed as soon as the first ray of sunshine enters his window. Of course, he adds, his window faces west.

I just examined Sophia Loren," said the bug-eyed doctor at the Hollywood film studio.

"And how is she?" his fellow physician wanted to know.

"My only wish is that the whole world should be in such good shape."

It's certainly nice to have someone like you with us this evening," said the nightclub comic to the annoying ringside heckler, "and may I be the first to shake you by the throat."

The party was a smoothly swinging scene, with all the lights turned low, and Clark espied a female form alone in a corner. He crept up behind her, and before she became aware of his presence, he'd clasped her in a passionate embrace and kissed her soundly.

"How dare you!" she shrieked indignantly, pulling away.

"Pardon me," Clark bluffed smoothly, "I thought you were my sister."

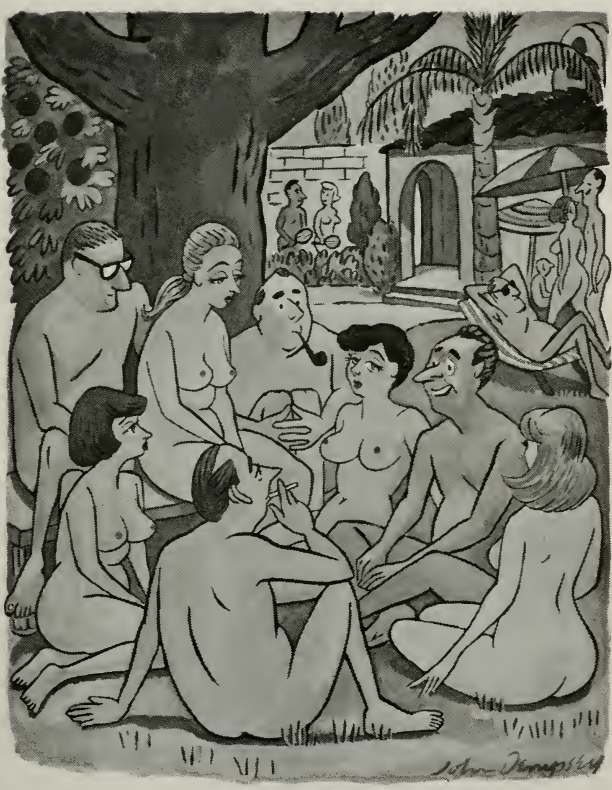
"You chowderhead," she responded tartly, "I *am* your sister."

A wag-about-town we know told us recently that his current girlfriend is truly electric. "In fact," he added, "everything she owns is charged."

Mike had just moved into his apartment and decided he should get acquainted with his across-the-hall neighbor. When the door was opened he was pleasantly surprised to be confronted by a young damsel considerably more than passing fair, and considerably less than fully clad. Though justifiably flustered by this smiling apparition, Mike nevertheless managed a remark singularly appropriate to the occasion:

"Hi, I'm your new sugar across the hall—can I borrow a cup of neighbor?"

Too often, when you tell a secret to a girl, it goes in one ear and in another.



"I've got it! Let's all get dressed and play strip poker."

In Rio on a business trip, Al found himself hampered, after working hours, by the fact that he didn't know the language. He was at once delighted and dismayed, therefore, when a plunging neckline surrounded by femininity of surpassing comeliness sat down at his restaurant table.

"Can you speak English?" he ventured hopefully.

"*Si*," she said with a bright white smile, "bot jus' a leetle beet."

"Just a little bit, eh?" Al repeated joshingly. "How much?"

"Twenty-five dollars," was the prompt reply.

If a girl expects to win a man she has to exhibit a generous nature—or else how generous nature has been to her.

No matter how bad the movie at a drive-in theatre is, most patrons manage to love every minute of it.

Sign at the entrance of a nudist's colony: PLEASE BARE WITH US.

Muster some sympathy for the dilemma of the out-of-work stripteaser: all undressed and no place to show.

An engaging but somewhat vacant young lady we met recently thought "vice versa" meant dirty poems.

They moved apart as Frank lit their cigarettes; then she snuggled close to him again and pulled the bedsheets up around their chins.

"Darling," she cooed, "how many others were there before me?"

After a few minutes of silence, she said, with a slight pout: "Well, I'm still waiting!"

"Well," he replied, puffing thoughtfully, "I'm still counting."

Sipping her second alexander, the green-eyed secretary demanded of her girl friend, "You've been dating Harold since you were both kids, and the relationship doesn't seem to be going anywhere. Hasn't he any ambitions?"

"Oh, yes," smiled her sexy companion, "ever since he's been knee-high."

Which reminds us of the dental joke about the Texas oilman who went in to see his dentist and, when asked which tooth was bothering him, replied, "Oh, just drill anywhere, doc. I feel lucky today!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *college* as a fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

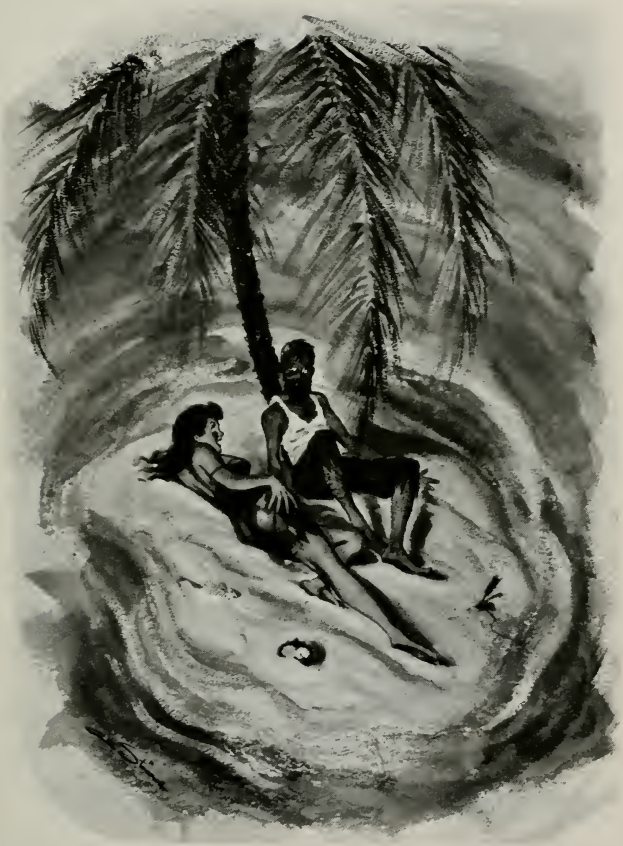
The two Madison Avenue types met on the suburban train platform.

"Hi, Charley," greeted the one, "how's your wife?"

"Compared to what?" responded the other dryly.

You never know how a girl will turn out until her folks turn in.

A friend of ours claims to be the world's champ with the chicks, and we're inclined to agree. He let us look at his alphabetical little black book, and the forty-seventh entry was a doll named Annabelle Aarons.



"Well—what shall we do again today?"

"I'm afraid I'll still have to see your driver's license."

The modest maiden had just purchased some lingerie and asked if she might have the sentence "If you can read this you are too damned close" embroidered on her panties.

"Yes, madam," said the clerk, "I'm quite certain that can be done. Would you prefer block or script letters?"

"Braille," said she.

The house detective had been told to check the guest's luggage in room 1013 for any property belonging to the hotel.

"Did you find any towels in his suitcase?" asked the manager.

"Not a one," replied the detective, "but I found a chambermaid in his grip."

How is it I find you making love to my daughter?" stormed the outraged father. "I ask you, young man, how is it?!"

"Why, just great, sir," replied the calm young man, "just great!"

Doctor," said the obviously disturbed young man to his psychiatrist, "my biggest problem is that I always dream about baseball. Nothing but baseball."

"Don't you ever dream about girls?" asked the head-shrinker.

"I don't dare," said the young man. "I'm afraid I'll lose my turn at bat."

He offered her a Scotch and sofa, and she reclined.

The six fraternity men came weaving out of the off-campus gin mill and started to crowd themselves into the Volkswagen for the rollicking ride back home. One of them, obviously the house president, took charge of the situation.

"Herbie," he said, "you drive. You're too drunk to sing."

A bachelor friend of ours defines the ideal wife as a beautiful, sex-starved deaf-mute who owns a liquor store.

We know a girl who started out with a little slip and ended up with a whole new wardrobe.

The meek little bank clerk had his suspicions. One day he left work early and, sure enough, at home he found a strange hat and umbrella in the hallway and his wife was on the couch in the living room in the arms of another man. Wild for revenge, the husband picked up the man's umbrella and snapped it in two across his knee.

"*There!*" he exclaimed. "Now I hope it rains!"

These days, too many beautiful women are spoiling their attractiveness by using four-letter words—like don't, and can't, and won't.

"Well, you might at least turn off your meter."

"You mean you're from the vice squad too?"

Sometimes a girl can attract a man by her mind, but more often she can attract him by what she doesn't mind.

We've just learned a secret method for returning from Las Vegas with a small fortune: go with a large fortune.

It was the cocktail hour in a swank lounge. Henry, a lingerie manufacturer, recognized the man imbibing next to him as Bud Smiley, well-known TV m.c. Sensing a business opportunity, he introduced himself and his company to the star.

"Listen," he said conspiratorially, "how would you like to plug my product on your show?"

Bud lifted an eyebrow. "That all depends on what's in it for me," he said.

"Tell you what," Henry replied. "I'll send you one of our finest and filmiest negligees. How's that?"

Bud smiled indolently. "That all depends," he repeated, "on what's in it for me."

Men who are getting on in years should console themselves with the thought that when they get too old to set bad examples, they can always start giving advice.

The reason today's girls will do things their mothers wouldn't think of doing is that their mothers didn't think of doing them.

Latest word we have from Hollywood concerns a young producer moving into lavish new offices who had his interior decorator on the carpet because she'd forgotten to include a studio couch.

Charlie entered the airlines ticket office in a rush, but did a double-take almost immediately: the girl behind the ticket counter was as magnificently endowed with feminine equipment as any girl he could ever remember seeing. What's more, she was clad in a gown whose diving neckline barely observed the boundaries of decorum. And to cap matters, she was evidently unaware of his presence, for she bent low over notations she was making. Finally, she looked up and saw him.

"Oh! What can I do for you, sir?" she cried gaily, taking a deep breath.

Charlie heard his own breath hissing in his ears, like steam, but tried manfully to master the situation. He did, after all, need two tickets to Pittsburgh.

"—Uh—" he began, distractedly, "give me two pickets to —"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *intellectual girl* as one who can think up excuses that her boyfriend's wife will believe.

An executive friend of ours is so dedicated to his work that he keeps his secretary near his bed in case he gets an idea during the night.

"I have it: let's swap wives."

These days the necessities of life cost you about three times what they used to, and half the time you find they aren't even fit to drink.

A girl with a well-developed sense of fashion realizes that bare skin never clashes with anything she's wearing.

In the new jet planes, you know you're moving faster than sound when the stewardess slaps your face before you can get a word out.

History credits Adam and Eve with being the first bookkeepers, because they invented the loose-leaf system.

Many a starlet has made it to the top because her clothes didn't.

A man who looked like a high-powered business executive began to drop in at Milton's Bar regularly, and his order was always the same: two martinis. After several weeks of this, Milton asked him why he didn't order a double instead of always ordering two singles.

"It's a sentimental thing," the customer answered. "A very dear friend of mine died a few weeks ago, and before his death he asked that when I drink, I have one for him, too."

A week later, the customer came in and ordered only one martini.

"How about your dead buddy?" Milton asked. "Why only one martini today?"

"This is my buddy's drink," the man said as he gulped the martini down. "I'm on the wagon."

Some people have no respect for age unless it's bottled.

"Now then, there's no need to toss a coin to see who goes on night duty, is there . . . ?"

He'd shown her his etchings, and just about everything else of interest in his apartment and, as Jack poured the last of the martinis into their glasses, he realized that the moment of truth with Louise had arrived. He decided on the direct verbal attack.

"Tell me," he said smoothly, fingering a lock of her hair, "do you object to making love?"

She turned her lovely eyes up to his. "That's something I've never done," she said.

"Never made love?" cried Jack, appalled at the waste of magnificent raw material.

"No, silly," she said in soft rebuke. "Never objected."

It's hard to keep a good girl down—but lots of fun trying.

The current re-emphasis on education in our colleges is typified by one Midwestern university which has ruled that no athlete be awarded a letter unless he can tell at a glance which letter it is.

Sam and Arthur, expectant fathers both, nervously paced the floor in the waiting room of a maternity hospital.

"What tough luck," grumbled Sam. "This had to happen during my vacation."

"You think you've got troubles?" said Arthur. "I'm on my honeymoon."

Interviewing the 65-year-old rodeo champion in Amarillo, Texas, the New York newspaperman remarked, "You're really an extraordinary man, to be a rodeo champion at your age."

"Heck," said the cowboy, "I'm not nearly the man my Pa is. He was just signed to play guard for a pro football team, and he's 88."

"Amazing!" gasped the journalist. "I'd like to meet your father."

"Can't right now. He's in Fort Worth standing up for Grandpa. Grandpa is getting married tomorrow. He's 114."

"Your family is simply unbelievable," said the newspaperman. "Here you are, a rodeo champion at 65. Your father's a football player at 88. And now your grandfather wants to get married at 114."

"Hell, mister, you got that wrong," said the Texan. "Grandpa doesn't *want* to get married. He *has* to."

An ornithologist of our acquaintance is troubled by the fact that the stork is too often held responsible for circumstances that might better be attributed to a lark.

The young bride was having her new house decorated and while changing into something suitable for her afternoon bridge club, she noticed what appeared to be her husband's handprint on the wall in the bedroom that had been freshly painted the day before. She slipped into a filmy but adequate covering and, going to the head of the stairs, called down to the painter who was now working in the livingroom.

"Pardon me, but would you like to come up here and see where my husband put his hand last night?" she said.

"I'd love to, lady," replied the painter, "but I've got to get done with this painting first."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Ivy League drinker* as one who buckles from the back.

The mother took her young daughter to a psychiatrist and explained to the head-shrinker that the girl thought she was a chicken. The doctor soothed her, observing that an overactive imagination is not uncommon in children, and asked how long the girl had suffered from the delusion.

"Almost two years," said the mother.

"Your daughter has imagined she is a chicken for nearly two years?!" the psychiatrist exclaimed. "Why have you waited so long before bringing her in?"

The woman looked embarrassed, then confessed: "We needed the eggs, doctor."

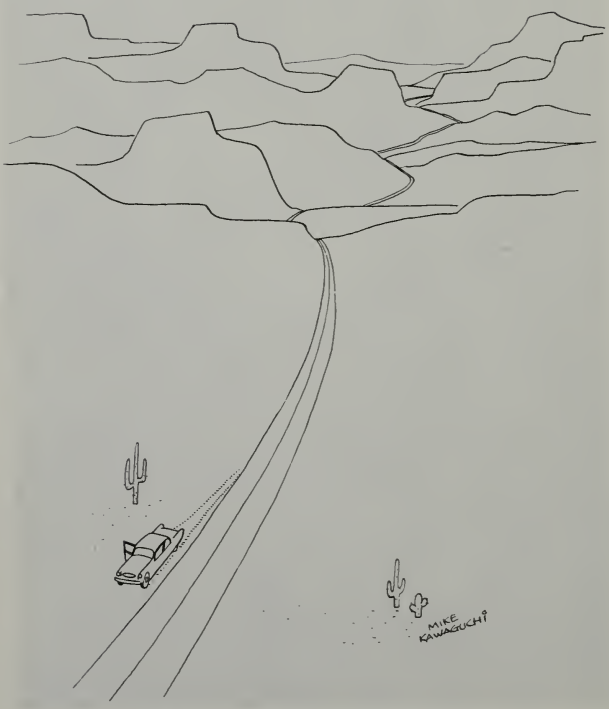
We know a chorus girl who never votes in an election. She simply doesn't care who gets in.

I don't know what's wrong with me, doctor," said the curvy callgirl. "I feel tired, dragged out. Pooped. No pep. No get up and go. Is it vitamin deficiency, low blood count, or what?"

The medico gave her a tip-to-toe examination and then his verdict: "Young lady, there's really nothing wrong with you. You're run-down, that's all. You've been working too hard. I suggest you try staying out of bed for a few days."

An undergraduate acquaintance of ours discovered a way to cut classes at the correspondence school he's attending. He sends in empty envelopes.

"What! You mean I still don't get the job?!"



"Are you sure there's no one coming, George?"

A none-too-likable, middle-aged office gal of our acquaintance has announced that she much prefers the business world to marriage. "In my younger days," she boasts, "I could have married any man I pleased."

"Obviously," observes a waggish friend of ours, "she never pleased anyone."

Two young starlets were discussing the remarriage of a well-known Hollywood couple: "I guess," said the one to the other, "it was just another one of those divorces that didn't pan out."

A popular bachelor attached to the American Embassy in London had just returned from a weekend in the midlands at a stately country home. When asked by a friend what sort of a time he had had, he replied, "If the soup had been as warm as the wine, and the wine as old as the chicken, and the chicken as tender as the upstairs maid, and the upstairs maid as willing as the duchess, it would have been perfect."

The expectant father paced the hospital waiting room.

"Say, this is our first child," he said to the relaxed veteran slouched in the corner reading a newspaper. "How long do you have to wait, after the baby is born, before you can—uh—resume marital relations with your wife?"

"Well, that depends," said the seasoned sire, "on whether she's in a ward or a private room."

The newlyweds entered the elevator of their Miami Beach hotel. The operator, a magnificent blonde, looked at them in surprise and said, "Why *hello,* George, how are you?"

A frosty silence prevailed until the couple reached their room, when the piqued bride demanded: "*Who* was that woman?!"

"Take it easy, honey," said the groom, "I'm going to have trouble enough explaining you to *her.*"

Are you sure this is your house?" the cop asked the thoroughly sozzled gentleman.

"Shertainly," said the drunk, "and if you'll just open the door f'me, I'll prove it to you."

"You shee that piano?" the drunk began. "Thash mine. You shee that television set? Thash mine, too. Follow me."

The police officer followed as he shakily negotiated the stairs to the second floor. The drunk pushed open the first door they came to.

"Thish ish my bedroom," he announced. "Shee that bed? Shee that woman lying in the bed? Thash my wife. An' shee that guy lying next to her?"

"Yeah," said the cop suspiciously.

"Thash *me!*"

A friend of ours who is a nut on classic automobiles bought a car a few weeks ago that runs entirely on electricity, and he paid $10,000 for it—$5000 for the car and $5000 for the extension cord.

"I'm not saying she isn't being fair, but I'd like to know how come he picks the short straw every time!"

The two sorority sisters were babbling gaily over a double malted: "How did you like the bridge party that the Sigs threw last night?" asked one.

"Fine," answered the other, "until the campus cops came and looked under the bridge."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *courtship* as an entertaining introduction to a dull book.

Yes, you heard correctly," said Phillip rather pensively to the cute cigarette girl. "My wife has run off with my very best friend."

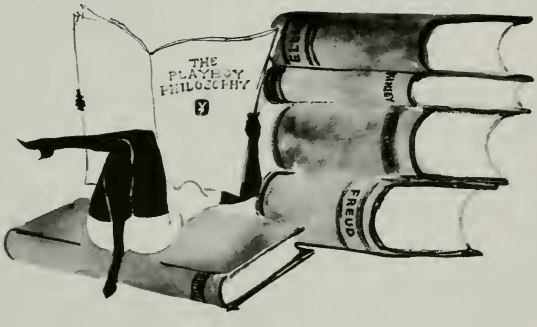
"Oh, I'm terribly sorry, sir," said she. "I suppose he was a handsome scoundrel."

"I don't really know," said Phillip, brightly. "I've never met the chap."

Relatives of the late Charles Worthington were gathered to hear the reading of the will, and seated in a far corner was a curvy blonde who had served the last two years as Mr. Worthington's secretary. The lawyer had almost finished and there had been no mention of the very desirable Miss Simpson, who was now perched uneasily on the very edge of her chair, taking in every word.

"And finally," the lawyer read, "to Miss Simpson, my beautiful but unfortunately uncooperative secretary, whom I promised to remember here: 'Hello, there, Miss Simpson!' "

Some girls get a lot out of a dress, and leave it out.



Marriage is a good deal like taking a bath—not so hot once you get accustomed to it.

Many a girl is looking for an older man with a strong will—made out to her.

A girl should use what Mother Nature gave her before Father Time takes it away.

The best years of a woman's life are usually counted in man-hours.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *late date in Paris* as keeping a girl up until the *oui* hours of the morning.

A bookseller of our acquaintance admits to having been momentarily flustered when a dewy-eyed damsel asked for a volume she titled *How to Make Friends and Influential People.*

A man is getting old when he runs out of gas after he runs out of gas.

Carol had been dating one man steadily for almost a year, and her mother was growing concerned.

"Exactly what are his intentions?" she demanded.

"Well, Mom, I'm really not sure," Carol said. "He's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *petting party* as an affair that lasts until someone gives in, gives up or gives out.

Beverly stretched out on the psychiatrist's couch, looking forlorn but comely. With genuine emotion she cried, "I just can't help myself, doctor. No matter how hard I try to resist, I bring five or six men with me into my bedroom every night. Last night there were ten. I just feel so miserable, I don't know what to do."

In understanding tones, the doctor rumbled, "Yes, I know, I know, my dear."

"Oh!" the surprised girl exclaimed. "Were you there last night, too?"

"All I can say is, you sure must like ice cream a hell of a lot!"

"Don't you think you ought to get out of that dress before the zipper rusts?"

The young married couple had moved into an apartment next to a sexy fashion model, and whenever the husband went over to borrow something it usually took him much longer than his wife thought it should. On one especially extended trip, his wife lost all patience and pounded several times on the wall between the two apartments. Receiving no answer, she called the model on the phone.

"I would like to know," the wife said huffily, "why it takes my husband so long to get something over there!"

"Well," replied the model coolly, "these interruptions certainly aren't helping any."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *gold digger* as a girl who breaks dates by going out with them.

A young executive we know recently spent three months finding a suitable secretary. He knows it pays to have a good head on your shoulder.

She was sweet, she was breath-takingly lovely, and she was alone. Most of the men in the cocktail lounge were awed by her beauty, but afraid to approach her. Not so Augie. He downed his drink, straightened his tie, and gracefully slid onto the stool next to hers, favoring her with a warm smile.

"You know," he began smoothly, "I hate to see a young girl like you ruin her reputation and destroy her character by hanging around a bar. Let me take you someplace where the atmosphere is quiet and more refined, like my apartment."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *neurotic* as a woman who likes a psychiatrist's couch better than a double bed.

Men with money to burn have started many a girl playing with fire.

She stood at the teller's window in the bank, a vision of desirable femininity marred only slightly by the fact that the light in her baby-blue eyes was more than somewhat vacant. The teller examined her and the check she wished to cash with equal concentration. Then he asked her if she could identify herself.

For a moment, her lovely brow was corrugated by puzzlement; then, her expression brightening, she pulled a small mirror from her handbag, glanced in it, and, with relief, said, "Yes. It's me all right."

"Ah, spring!"

We know a progressive college professor who claims that you'll always have a student body where you find a faculty for making love.

It was the young Englishman's first visit to the States and, in his innocence, he sought lodging in the city's red-light district. His money, however, was as green as his outlook, and the madam gladly offered him a room for the night. When a friend questioned him about his accommodations over lunch the following day, the young Briton replied:

"Well, the room wasn't very pretentious, you know, but *gad,* what maid service!"

The difference between a wife and a mistress is night and day.

The history of women's fashions is a movement from skirts that barely covered the instep to skirts that barely cover the step-ins.

The biggest difference between men and boys is the cost of their toys.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *clothesline* as: "How would you like a new gown by Givenchy and a cocktail dress by Oleg Cassini?"

Two little boys were engaging in the traditional verbal battle of little boys everywhere:

"My father is better than your father!"

"No, he's not!"

"My brother is better than your brother!"

"No, he's not!"

"My mother is better than your mother!"

A pause.

"Well, I guess you've got me there. My father says the same thing."

"Now do you remember what we used to do in the evenings before we had television?"

A limerick packs laughs anatomical,
Into space that is quite economical.
But the good ones we've seen
So seldom are clean,
And the clean ones so seldom are comical.

There was a young lady from Spain,
Who demurely undressed on a train.
Then an eager young porter
Did more than he orter
And she promptly cried, "Do it again."

There once was a lady named Jude,
Who was such an implacable prude
That she pulled down the blind
When changing her mind,
Lest a curious eye should intrude.

God's plan had a hopeful beginning,
But man spoiled his chances by sinning.
We trust that the story
Will end in God's glory,
But, at present, the other side's winning.

An attractive young maiden named Myrtle
Had quite an affair with a turtle.
  And what's more phenomenal
  A swelling abdominal
Proved to Myrtle the turtle was fertile.

A serious thought for today,
Is one that may cause you dismay:
  Just what are the forces
  That bring little horses,
If all the big horses say "Nay?"

There was a young girl from St. Paul
Who went to a newspaper ball.
  Her dress caught on fire
  And burned her entire
Front page, sports section, and all.

There was a young lady named Gloria
Whose boyfriend said, "May I explore ya?"
  She replied to the chap
  "I will draw you a map
Of where others have been to before ya."

"You'd better be careful—I'm not eighteen yet."

"Gee whiz, lady, it's Saturday night!"

There was a young lady of Thrace,
Whose corset grew too tight to lace.
  Her mother said, "Nelly,
  There's more in your belly
Than ever went in through your face!"

A pretty young maiden of France
Decided she'd just "take a chance."
  She let herself go
  For an hour or so,
And now all her sisters are aunts.

There once was a lady from Exeter,
Who made all the men crane their nexeter.
  And some who were brave
  Would take out and wave
The distinguishing marks of their sexeter.

A cross-eyed old painter named Jeff
Was color-blind, palsied and deaf.
  When he asked to be touted,
  The critics all shouted,
"This is art with a capital F!"

A deep baritone from Havana
While singing, slipped on a banana.
He was ill for a year,
Then resumed his career
As a promising lyric soprana!

There was a young maid from Madras
Who had a magnificent ass:
Not pretty and pink,
As you probably think—
It was gray, had long ears, and ate grass.

There was a young lady of Erskine
Who had a remarkable ferskine.
When I said to her, "Mabel,
You look fine in your sable,"
She replied, "I look best in my berskine."

There was a young lady named Wilde
Who kept herself quite undefiled
By thinking of Jesus,
Contagious diseases,
And the bother of having a child.

"How come I get all the nuts?!"

A corpulent maiden named Kroll
Had a notion exceedingly droll:
  At a masquerade ball,
  Dressed in nothing at all,
She backed in as a Parker House Roll.

The model ascended the ladder
As Titian, the painter, had bade her.
  Her position, to Titian,
  Suggested coition.
So he climbed up the ladder and had her.

She wasn't what one would call pretty,
And other girls offered her pity:
  So nobody guessed
  That her Wassermann Test
Involved half the men of the city.

There was a young lady from Senn,
Who said, "Let us do it again
  And again and again
  And again and again
And again and again and AGAIN!"

A small group of scientists had spent an enlightening week on Mars, comparing life there with our own.

"Tell me," one Earth scientist asked his Martian counterpart, "just how do you reproduce the species here on this planet?"

"I shall be pleased to demonstrate," replied the leader of the Martian group, and he called forth a voluptuous Martian beauty with three heads. They then engaged their tentacles for a few moments, and almost at once a small pouch began to form on the female's back; it grew, and within little more than a minute it opened up very much like a blooming flower and a small Martian dropped out, as fully developed as the adult but much smaller, and began scampering about the room.

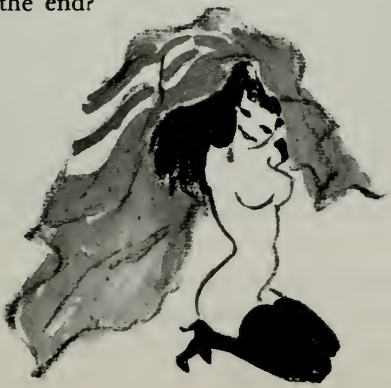
Once the Earth scientists had recovered from this unexpected experience, they attempted to explain how procreation differs in our world. The Martians insisted

upon being shown, and after several unsuccessful attempts to dissuade them the chief scientist of the expedition finally agreed. Choosing a comely scientific aide from the group, he took her to a cot in the corner of the room and there proceeded to make love to her in a manner to which we here on Earth are more accustomed.

The Martians examined the couple from every angle, and when they were finished, the Martian leader said, "That was certainly unusual and, I must say, interesting, but where is the baby—or was the demonstration a failure?"

"It is difficult to say," replied the Earth scientist. "We cannot tell at once. But if the contact was successful, then the baby will arrive in approximately nine months."

"Nine months!" exclaimed the Martian. "Amazing. But tell us then, Doctor, if the Earth child will not be born for nine months, why were you in such a hurry there at the end?"



Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *old age* as a time when a man sees a pretty girl and it arouses his memory instead of his hopes.

When she found out that the handsome young millionaire was fond of hunting, Joyce told him she was game.

Sam, the private eye, was giving his curvesome client a report.

"I trailed your husband into four bars and a bachelor's apartment," he said.

"Aha!" exclaimed the wife. "Go on, go on! What was he doing there?"

"Well, lady," Sam responded in an embarrassed tone, "near as I could make out, he was trailing *you*."

The difference between the average man and a playboy is that the average man likes to give a girl a present, while the playboy would rather give her a past.

When Harry returned looking tanned and rested, his secretary asked him about his vacation.

"Well," he replied, "a friend of mine invited me up to his hunting lodge—a quiet, secluded place. No night life, no parties, not a woman within a hundred miles."

"Did you enjoy yourself?" she asked.

"Who went?" he said.

"It happens every time I reach for my shoulder holster."

I understand you took out the gorgeous new receptionist last night," said one ad exec to another. "How was she?"

"Not so good," was the reply.

"Yeah," said the first exec, "you always were lucky."

Sleeping the sleep of the just in his upper berth, the gentleman was awakened by a persistent tapping from below.

"Oh, Mr. Forsythe, are you awake?" asked the middle-aged lady in the berth below.

"I am now," he said groggily.

"It's frightfully cold down here, Mr. Forsythe. I wonder if you would mind getting me a blanket."

"I've got a better idea, lady," he said. "Let's pretend we're married."

He could hear her giggling softly below him. "That sounds like a lovely idea," she said.

"Good," said he, rolling over. "Now go get your *own* damn blanket."

Arriving home unexpectedly from a business trip, the husband found his wife in bed with his best friend, in what may be delicately described as a compromising position.

"See here," exclaimed the husband, "just what do you two think you're doing?"

"See!" said the wife to the man beside her. "Didn't I tell you he was stupid?"

The proprietor of a combination dude ranch and resort hotel, the Westward Ho, found his business, which had been slow, suddenly booming after he hired a new bus driver to meet all incoming trains. Curious as to how the man managed to bring in so much new business, the owner questioned him about it.

"Ah really don't know," answered the driver, a gentleman just up from the deep South. "When that train comes chuggin' in, all ah do is hollah, 'Free bus to the Westward Ho House' and they all come pilin' in."

Oh, I had a wonderful time," cooed the coed to her sorority sister. "Everybody said that Tommy and I were the cutest couple on the floor."

"I thought you said you weren't going to the Senior Dance," puzzled her friend.

"We didn't," said she, smiling. "Tommy took me to a pajama party."

What's that drink you're mixing?" the stranger asked the bartender in the exotic Caribbean bar.

"I call this a rum dandy," said the bartender.

"What's in it?" asked the stranger.

"Sugar, milk and rum," said the barkeep.

"Is it good?" asked the stranger.

"Sure," said the bartender. "The sugar gives you pep, the milk gives you energy."

"And the rum?" asked the stranger.

"Ideas about what to do with all that pep and energy."

Our Research Department has come up with some interesting statistics that prove that four out of five women-haters are women.

A switch on the oldest Party Joke in the world goes like so: Who was that lady I saw you outwit last night?

Girls believe in love at first sight; men believe in it at first opportunity.

Making love to a woman too many times is like scratching a place that doesn't itch any more.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *mistress* as a cutie on the q.t.

"Your fired, Perkins, and you, Miss Chumly, please step into my office."

Have you heard that catchy little love song that's headed for jukebox fame, titled, *How Can I Miss You if You Won't Go Away?*

They made an engaging-looking couple in the swank restaurant: Prentiss—handsome, graying, obviously well to do; and young Margaret—ravishing, delectable and obviously hungry.

"Tell me, my dear," he asked indulgently, "what would you like?"

She scanned the menu with an experienced eye.

"To begin," she said, "you may bring me a champagne cocktail, then a dozen oysters on the half shell and a tureen of turtle soup. As entrees I'll have the filet of English sole followed by the pheasant under glass. Baked potato with sour cream and chives, plus an á la carte order of asparagus would be nice, too. And I'll have French dressing on the salad. For dessert I'd like a great big double order of chocolate ripple ice cream, some blueberry pie and a cup of coffee. That should do it."

Somewhat taken aback, Prentiss nevertheless managed a smile as he asked, "Do you eat this well at home?"

Margaret favored him with a lazy grin.

"No," she said. "But then, nobody at home wants to sleep with me."

You're playing strip poker for high stakes when you get to panty-ante.

A friend of ours reports that he was innocently walking down the street the other day, when he was accosted by a fellow flashy in features and dress—the very model of a con man.

"Hey, buddy," the con man said confidentially, "you wanna buy a hot?"

"A hot what?" our friend asked.

"You name it," said the flashy one with a smile. "I'm having a very good season."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chaperone* as an elderly woman who accompanies young women to see that they do not indulge in any of the things she would have indulged in if she hadn't been chaperoned when she was a young woman.

Some girls marry old men for money and spend the rest of their lives looking for a little change.

Mary and Bob were in their upper berth on the train to Niagara Falls, and she was so wonderstruck that she kept repeating over and over again: "Bobby, I just can't believe that we're really married."

Finally, a sleepy voice bellowed out from below: "For chrissake, Bobby, convince her—we wanna get to sleep!"

OK, you're hired," said the busy executive, moving around his desk toward the buxom young female. "Now would you like to try for a raise?"

An Eastern newspaper reporter on an assignment in Kentucky struck up a conversation with a young lady in a small bar. After half a dozen drinks, he suggested they buy a bottle and retire to his room, and she agreed.

"Say, how old are you?" the reporter asked as the girl was disrobing.

"Thirteen," she replied.

"Thirteen? *My God!* You get those clothes back on and get out of here!"

Pausing briefly at the door as she left, the perplexed nymphet said: "Superstitious, huh?"

The sexy wife of a busy husband recently won a divorce, charging her hubby with lack of attentiveness. "If anything ever happened to me," the stacked missus claimed, "my husband wouldn't even be able to identify the body."

"My wife!"

For every girl who has the curves, there are a dozen men who have the angles.

A yachtsman we know told us that he bought his bountiful girl a bikini and anticipates seeing her beam with delight.

Joe sat at his dying wife's bedside. Her voice was little more than a whisper.

"Joe, darling," she breathed, "I've got a confession to make before I go . . . I . . . I'm the one who took the $10,000 from your safe. . . . I spent it on a fling with your best friend, Charles. And it was I who forced your mistress to leave the city. And I am the one who reported your income-tax evasion to the Government. . ."

"That's all right, dearest, don't give it a second thought," answered Joe. "I'm the one who poisoned you."

The dean of women at a large Midwestern university recently began a speech to the student body with these memorable words: "The president of the university and I have decided to stop petting on campus."

"Dear Dad," read the young soldier's first letter home, "I cannot tell you where I am, but yesterday I shot a polar bear. . ."

Several months later came another letter, "Dear Dad, I still cannot tell you where I am but yesterday I danced with a hula girl. . ."

Two weeks later came yet another note, "Dear Dad, I still cannot tell you where I am, but yesterday the doctor told me I should have danced with the polar bear and shot the hula girl. . ."

The hotel reservations clerk opened the telegram and read: DO YOU HAVE ANY ACCOMMODATIONS WHERE I CAN PUT UP WITH MY WIFE?

From Florida we hear that the stillness of the wee morning hours in one of Miami's most fashionable hotels was broken recently by a bellhop who ran up and down the corridors, screaming at the top of his voice: "The hotel's on fire, cha cha cha!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:
Bachelor as one who's foot-loose and fiancée free;

Jury as a group of 12 people selected to decide who has the better lawyer;

Lover's leap as the distance between twin beds;

Madam as someone for whom the belles toil;

Sex as the most fun you can have without laughing;

Undercover agent as a girl spy;

Winter as the season of the year when gentlemen befur blondes;

Zombie as something some men drink and other men marry.

We know a girl who was chased out of a nudist colony because she had something on her mind.

A used-car dealer of our acquaintance informs us that, to cope with the cynical attitudes of present-day buyers, the little old lady who drove only on Sundays has been replaced in the standard sales pitch by a nymphomaniac who only used the back seat.

"Hi, Mom! I got the job!"

Perjury charges were recently filed against a jury of six men and six women who, after being locked up together for 12 hours, came out saying, "Not guilty."

Oh, Doctor, you mean I'm finally cured," the woman sighed happily.

"Yes, Miss Willoughby," said the psychoanalyst, "I believe we now have your kleptomania firmly under control and you can go out in the workaday world just like anybody else."

"Oh, Doctor, I'm so grateful," said the woman. "I don't know how I'll ever repay you for your help."

"My fee is all the payment I expect," said the kindly analyst. "However, if you should happen to have a relapse, you might pick up a small transistor radio for me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *high fidelity* as a drunk who goes home regularly to his wife.

Business was brisk for the pretty little callgirl at the bar, with a number of would-be customers gathered about her. "Bill," she said, "you can come over about seven-ish, and you, George, around eight-ish. Frank, I'll have time for you around nine-ish."

Then, obviously pleased with the prospects of a busy, busy evening, she spun around on her bar stool, surveyed the crowded club and caroled, "Ten-ish, anyone?"

Oh, you'll like it here," said the experienced steno to the new girl in the office. "Lots of chances for advances."

I'm so discouraged," said the lovely secretary as she bent down to pick up the papers she had accidentally knocked off her boss' desk. "Everything I do seems to be wrong."

"Oh, really?" said the boss. "What are you doing tonight?"

A dedicated bachelor is one who believes in the adage wine, women and s'long.

Many a young tomato has been cultivated by an old rake.

It was the social event of the season: the identical twin sons of a wealthy oil tycoon married the twin daughters of a millionaire textile manufacturer. Unfortunately, all four of the newlyweds got very drunk on their wedding night. Now, a year later, the newly arrived offsprings are listed in *Who's Who,* but nobody is really sure who's whose.

Her bountiful bosom heaving in chagrin, Susan confessed her tearful tidings to her mother.

"Mom," she said, "I'm pregnant."

"Ye gods!" screamed her mother. "Who is the father?"

She lifted her weeping face. "How should I know?" she wailed. "You never would let me go steady."

"Aren't you going to ask about our revolutionary new recruiting program?"

"You shouldn't have too much trouble catching him. He was pretty pooped when he left here."

Natalie, a pretty but distraught model, took her troubles to a psychiatrist.

"Doctor, you must help me," she pleaded. "It's gotten so that every time a man takes me out I wind up in bed with him. And then afterward I feel guilty and depressed all day long."

"I see," nodded the psychiatrist. "And you want me to strengthen your will power."

"Heavens, no!" exclaimed the model. "I want you to fix it so I won't feel guilty and depressed afterward."

We're sure you've heard about the traveling salesman whose car broke down in a rain storm. He ran to the closest farm house and knocked on the door. A grizzled old farmer answered and the salesman pleaded for a place to stay the night.

"I can give ya a room," said the farmer, "but I ain't got no daughter fer ya to sleep with."

"Oh," said the salesman. "Well, how far is it to the next house?"

The moon shone silver on the waters of the lake, and the waves beating on the shore were hardly equal in intensity to the waves of passion nearby. One ardent couple pulled apart long enough for the young man to whisper, "Darling, am I the first man to make love to you?"

Her tone, when she answered, was irritable. "Of course you are," she said. "I don't know why you men always ask the same ridiculous question."

After the wealthiest man in the world passed away at a ripe old age, he was mourned on the front pages of newspapers throughout the world. On a mid-Manhattan street corner a short, bespectacled fellow in a rather worn gray flannel suit seemed particularly broken up by the news. He clutched the paper to his chest and cried unabashedly, "He's dead. He's dead."

"There, there," said the news dealer, trying his best to console him. "You mustn't carry on like that, sir. We've all got to go some time. He wasn't related to you, was he?"

"No," sobbed the man. "That's it. That's it."

George was describing his new secretary enthusiastically to the family at dinner: "She's efficient, personable, clever, punctual, and darned attractive, to boot. In short, she's a real doll!"

"A doll?" said his wife.

"A doll!" re-emphasized George.

At which point, their five-year-old daughter, who knew about dolls, looked up from her broccoli to ask: "And does she close her eyes when you lay her down, Daddy?"

So then the ubiquitous traveling salesman said to the farmer, "Can you put me up for the night?"

Whereupon the farmer said, "Sure, but you'll have to sleep with my son."

"Good Lord," said the salesman, "I'm in the wrong joke!"

". . . And so you see, Mr. Shaw, if everybody went without clothes, there simply wouldn't be any more wars!"

Joe had been out on the town with a dazzling blonde, and as he returned home the rosy tints of dawn began to color the skies. Marshaling his inner resources, he managed an air of quiet sobriety before the suspicious eye and clapping tongue of his wife.

Suddenly, as he was undressing, she punctuated her harangue with a sharp, gasping intake of air.

"Joe," she asked through clenched teeth, "where's your underwear?"

Blearily, Joe perceived that his boxer shorts were, indeed, missing. Then inspiration struck.

"My God!" he cried, with aggrieved dignity. "I've been robbed!"

The wife of a pal of ours is suing for divorce. She claims he was spending his nights sitting up with a chic friend.

Census takers have found that one tenth of all married couples aren't.

To most modern writers, sex is a novel idea.

Mist circled sluggishly in the air of the steam room as George and Charlie attempted to melt from their bodies the excesses of the night before.

"How was your date last night?" George asked.

"Awful," Charlie responded. "Beautiful, but awful. I was disgusted. The minute we got to her apartment, the phone started ringing—every big operator in town wanted a date with her. We didn't have a moment's peace. Man, was I fed up!"

"Come on, Charlie," George twitted his friend, "Don't you expect a beautiful girl to have her number in the phone book?"

"Yeah," growled Charlie, "but not in the Yellow Pages."

Many a modern miss is known by the company that keeps her.

Staggering into his apartment, the bibber deposited himself in his bed and fell asleep. A half hour later he was awakened by a knock on the door. Wearily he struggled out of bed and, stumbling over almost every piece of furniture in the room, made his way to the door and opened it. Standing there was his drinking companion of an hour before.

"Gee, I'm sorry I woke you up, Joe," said the companion.

"Oh, that's all right," said Joe. "I had to answer the door anyway."

Two ragged beatniks were sitting on a small pier in the Florida Everglades, dangling their feet in the stagnant water. Suddenly an alligator swam up and snapped a leg off one of them.

"Hey, man," the unfortunate fellow said to his buddy, "like an alligator just bit off my leg."

"Which one?" asked the cool friend.

"I dunno," said the first cat. "You see one alligator, you seen 'em all."

We know a luscious young dish who went to Hollywood because she wanted to make love under the stars.

Darling," seductively sighed the fashion model, "if I didn't wear all these beautiful clothes, would you still think me attractive?"

He smiled and replied, "Test me."

"This is Mr. Borden. From now on he'll be going in half with me on your rent, clothing and other expenses."

She was, without question, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen in his life. He gulped down the last of his martini and, without hesitation, walked to where she sat at the end of the bar.

"You must forgive my rudeness," he said, "but when I beheld you sitting here, all wrapped round in white fur, and lights dancing in your hair like stars, I *had* to speak to you. I've never gazed upon such beauty before. I want to lay Manhattan at your feet, buy you jewels, exotic perfumes, and a thousand other wondrous things. If you bid me welcome, we will fly this very night to Paris, then on to Venice, Rome, India, and finally Egypt for a trip down the Nile."

The young lady was utterly taken with this handsome stranger who stood before her, with bronzed face, hair prematurely graying at the temples, dark suit cut exactly so. She was quite literally speechless and could manage only a breathless "Yes, yes. . ."

"Then go prepare yourself, my Juliet, my Venus, my Helen of Troy. When you are ready, call me at the number on this card. My Rolls Royce will come for you and take you to my plane."

"Is this your private number at your town house or country estate?" she sighed.

"Well," he said, "it's actually the delicatessen downstairs, but they'll call me."

The lights in the apartment were low and so was the music. "You say you can read my mind?" the handsome young bachelor demanded.

"Yes," replied his bountifully proportioned and beautiful date.

"OK," he challenged, "go ahead."

"No," she said. "*You* go ahead."

Americans are people who insist on living in the present tense.

Mrs. Smythe introduced her voluptuous young companion to the handsome cowboy who was to drive them from the railroad station to the dude ranch.

"Charley," she said, "this is an eastern acquaintance of mine, Miss Davis."

Charley gave Miss Davis a long, appreciative appraisal, smiled, and turned back to Mrs. Smythe.

"Ma'am," he said, "I'd be right proud to make your acquaintance."

Hgh and Ghg, a pair of newly arrived Martians, stood on a New York street corner leering at the traffic light across the way.

"Keep away from her or I'll knock your heads together," said Ghg to Hgh. "I saw her first."

"So what?" Hgh responded. "She winked at *me!*"

Just then the signal changed from GO to STOP. The Martians stalked off disgustedly.

"Women!" Hgh muttered. "If there's anything I can't stand, it's a tease."

A recent independent survey indicates that it's still possible for a young woman with little or no experience to make her way into show business.

We have it on good authority that one of New York's biggest nightclubs is going to introduce a new act: a midget stripteaser. She'll entertain the customers who are under the tables.

"I don't see anything here that says we can't . . ."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *salesmanship* as the difference between rape and rapture.

The guy who first said, "You can't take it with you," had probably never met an old maid.

The three hundred passengers on the first fully automatic rocket plane flight from New York to Paris were aboard and belted in, and the great machine had whooshed aloft and into flight when a voice came over the loudspeaker in measured tones of infinite assurance.

"Ladies and gentlemen, there is no crew on this aircraft, but there is nothing to worry about. Automation will fly you to Paris in perfect safety at a speed of twenty-five hundred miles per hour. Everything has been tested and retested so exhaustively for your safety that there is not the slightest chance anything can go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . . go wrong . . ."

The tensions of life were threatening to get a strangle hold on Bill, and after he'd finished a good dinner it was his pleasant expectation to relax mindlessly in a soft chair next to the stereo, with a stiff drink in his hand. His wife, unfortunately, knew nothing of his nervous state, and hardly had he seated himself than she climbed onto his lap. With the thought of trying to wheedle a fur coat from him, she cuddled as close to him as she could, murmuring and fondling, until he finally exploded:

"Good heavens, Ethel, get off! I get enough of this at the office."

When we asked a zoologist friend of ours how porcupines have sex, we were told, "Carefully, very carefully."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *hangover* as the wrath of grapes.

"Goodness, Mr. Blandorf—I thought only stars got their own private dressing rooms!"

There was a young warrior of Parma
Who got into bed with his charmer.
  She, naturally nude,
  Said, "Don't think me rude,
But I DO wish you'd take off your armor!"

A sturdy young fellow from Ransome
Had a girl seven times in a hansom.
  When she asked for some more,
  Said a voice from the floor:
"My name, ma'am is Simpson—not Samson!"

A lass named Veronica Mapes
Sported mammae the size of small grapes.
  She started to scratch 'em
  In the hope she might hatch 'em,
But all that remained were the scrapes.

There once was a man from Racine
Who invented a loving machine.
  Both concave and convex,
  It could serve either sex,
Entertaining itself in between.

An Indian maiden, a Sioux,
As tempting as fresh honeydioux,
  Liked to show off her knees,
  As she strolled past teepees,
And hear the braves holler, "Wioux, wioux!"

She was peeved and called him "Mr."
Not because he up and kr.,
  But because, just before,
  As she opened the door,
This same Mr., kr. sr.

There was a young maiden named Hoople,
Whose bosom was triple, not duple.
  She had one removed
  But it grew back improved.
At present, Miss Hoople's quadruple.

There was a young lady of Worcester,
Who dreamed Marlon Brando sedorcester.
  But she woke up to find
  It was all in her mind:
Just a lump in the mattress that gorcester.

"He's never satisfied! Now he wants her gift wrapped!"

"Oh, oh . . . you'd better hide. I'd know my husband's knock anywhere . . . !"

A masculine girl of Khartoum
Asked a ladylike boy to her room.
  They spent the whole night
  In a hell of a fight
As to which should do what, and to whom.

There was a young lady from Kent
Who said that she knew what it meant
  To be asked out to dine
  On lobster and wine.
She knew what it meant—but she went.

A clever commercial female
Had prices tattooed on her tail;
  And below her behind,
  For the sake of the blind,
A duplicate version in Braille.

There was an eccentric young lass
Who wore panties constructed of brass:
  Said she, "They have uses,
  Like staving off gooses
And pinches and pins in the grass."

A wanton young lady from Wimley,
Reproached for not acting quite primly,
  Answered, "Heavens above,
  I know sex isn't love,
But it's such an attractive facsimile."

There was a young lady named Green,
Who grew so abnormally lean,
  And flat, and compressed,
  That her back touched her chest,
And sideways she couldn't be seen.

A beautiful maiden named Kate
Reclined in the dark with her date.
  When asked how she fared
  She said she was scared,
But otherwise doing first rate.

There was a young lady named Twilling,
Who went to her dentist for drilling.
  Because of depravity
  He filled the wrong cavity,
And now Twilling's nursing her filling.

"Oh, dear! We haven't got enough hangers!"

Arthur sat brooding at his favorite bar. "Charley," he said to the bartender, "I'm a rat. I've a lovely wife at home and instead of appreciating her, I've been out getting into trouble with another woman. But a guy can reform. I'm going home right now, Charley, and I'm going to tell her everything, beg her to forgive me, and start anew as a model husband."

Thereupon, Arthur paid his tab, went home, told his wife everything and begged her to forgive him so he could start anew as a model husband.

"I'll forgive you on one condition, Arthur," his wife said. "I want to know the name of the woman." But Arthur was too gallant to tell.

"Was it Susan Adams?" she asked.

"I can't tell you, dear," he said.

"I'll bet it was Mrs. Simpson," the wife declared.

"My lips are sealed," said hubby.

"I know," exclaimed the wife, "it's that hussy Mrs. Higgins."

The next day Arthur was seated again at his favorite bar and as he sipped on a vodka martini, the bartender asked how he'd made out with his good resolution of the night before.

"Not bad," said Arthur. "My wife didn't forgive me, but she gave me three pretty good new leads."

A curvilinear young secretary, just returned from a magnificent vacation in a South American republic, walked into the foreign exchange section of her New York bank and dropped a wad of foreign currency on the counter. The teller counted it carefully and gave her 53¢ in exchange.

"Do you mean to tell me that's all I get?" gasped the lovely thing.

"I'm afraid so, miss," said the teller. "That's the legal exchange rate."

"Damn," the girl hissed. "And like a fool I gave him breakfast too."

If you must get married, it is always advisable to marry a ravishing beauty. Otherwise, you'll never find anybody to take her off your hands.

As the cop helped the bruised and battered bibber up from the pavement in front of the bar, he asked, "Can you describe the man who hit you?"

"Oh, yes," said the drunk. "That's just what I was doing when he hit me."

A much-married Hollywood leading man was confronted by a pretty brunette at the premiere of his latest picture.

"Don't you remember me?" she enthused. "Three years ago you asked me to marry you."

"Oh, really?" said the blasé actor. "And did you?"

A gallivanting friend of ours has confided to us that women don't really look for too much in a husband: just someone to spend with the rest of their lives.

The coed cutie returned to the sorority house after her first breakfast date at a neighboring fraternity with her steady boyfriend. Asked what she had, she replied dreamily, "Him and eggs."

She was standing before the judge, crying out her story: "Your honor, he gets up every morning and starts knocking me around the bedroom. He hits me in the head with his fist, and sometimes he uses a shoe. If I don't fix his meals just the way he likes them, he conks me with the pots and pans. If I dare to talk back to him or say anything he doesn't care for, he belts me on the skull with a beer bottle. Your honor, that man ought to be in jail."

Turning to the defendant, the judge asked, "What have you to say for yourself?"

"You can't believe a word that woman says, Your Honor," said the man. "She's obviously punch drunk."

"He has the quickest hands in show business."

"I dreamed I was removing your Maidenform bra . . "

At the inquest the coroner gently asked the widow if she could remember her late husband's last words.

"Yes," she replied. "He said, 'I don't see how they make a profit out of this stuff at a dollar and a quarter a fifth.' "

A career girl's mind moves her ahead, while a chorus girl's mind moves her behind.

Barry had just opened his law office, and immediately hired three good-looking young stenographers to work for him.

"But how," a visiting friend inquired, eying the three, "do you expect to accomplish anything?"

"Simple," Barry grinned. "By giving two of them the day off."

While we generally have nothing but contempt for the sassy feminine rejoinder to a forthright masculine proposition, we must express a grudging degree of admiration for the logic displayed by one beautiful chick. The doll in question was being entertained at the apartment of a friend of ours, and at the proper moment he employed the time-honored verbal gambit:

"Come on, baby, let's live for tonight."

For a moment she considered the prospect happily, but then her limpid blue orbs clouded over, and she replied:

"Yes, but suppose we survive?"

The bountifully endowed young doll was in an embarrassing situation, for her arms were filled with packages and she was wearing a dress that was simply too tight to allow her to step up into the bus for which she had been waiting the last 15 minutes. A crowd pressed from behind, and so she reached back, unobserved she hoped, and attempted to gain some additional freedom by pulling down the zipper at the back of her dress. It didn't seem to help. She still couldn't negotiate the high step, so she reached again for the zipper and additional freedom, but again it was no use. Then, from out of the impatient crowd behind her, a young man picked her up and deposited her gently inside the bus.

This, of course, only embarrassed the girl more. "What right have you to pick me up like that?" she gasped. "Why, I don't even know you!"

"Well, miss," the man said, smiling and tipping his hat, "after you pulled my zipper down the second time, I began to feel as though we were pretty good friends."

Carter had been back from his honeymoon only a week when a friend asked him how he enjoyed married life.

"Why, it's wonderful!" was his enthusiastic reply. "It's almost like being in love."

Two hipsters crossing the Atlantic by steamship were out on deck looking at the ocean. The first cat said, "Man, look at all that water out there!"

"Yeah, man," the second, even farther-out cat replied. "And just think, like that's only the top of it."

Next to a beautiful girl, sleep is the most wonderful thing in the world.

When a smart girl travels by train, she gives the boys in the club car a wide berth.

A girl we know claims she got her mink coat for a song, but we suspect it was really for an overture.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *chafing dish* as a girl who has been stood up on a date.

It was Tracy's first crossing, and he was assigned to a table with a suave Frenchman. The first night out, the Frenchman rose, bowed slightly, and said, "*Bon appétit.*"

Tracy got to his feet, bowed and said, "Tracy."

The following morning, at breakfast, then at lunch and again at dinner, the ceremony was repeated and Tracy found his politeness wearing a little thin. "It's beginning to annoy me," he told a companion in the lounge. "Same thing over and over: he tells me his name, *Bon Appétit,* I tell him mine, and we do it all over again at the next meal."

His companion, a bit more worldly than Tracy, laughed. "He's not introducing himself. *Bon appétit* is French for 'good appetite.' He's hoping that you enjoy your meal."

Tracy felt pretty silly. The next morning when he appeared at breakfast, the Frenchman was already seated. Tracy bowed and said, "*Bon appétit.*" Whereupon the Frenchman jumped up, bowed and answered, "Tracy."

Gee," exclaimed the breathless coed, telling her wide-eyed companion all about last night's big panty raid. "This bruiser from the football team got me cornered, so I had to fork over my panties. What else could I do? Later," the miss went on, "I gave him the slip."

"You really hate the guy, don't you?"

"The terrific upsurge in sales last month was actually an accident. While Miss Beeman was bringing the graph up to date, I happened to reach over and . . ."

Walter arrived at his office late one morning and was greeted with giggles from the pretty receptionist.

"What are you laughing at?" asked Walter.

"There's a big black smudge on your face," said the girl.

"Oh, that!" said Walter. "That's easy to explain. I saw my wife off on a month's vacation this morning; I took her to the station and kissed her goodbye."

"But what about the smudge?"

"As soon as she got on board, I ran up and kissed the engine."

A pink elephant, a green kangaroo and two yellow snakes strolled up to the bar.

"You're here a little early, boys," said the bartender, "he ain't here yet."

The dazzling movie star was applying for her passport.

"Unmarried?" asked the clerk.

"Occasionally," answered she.

We're going to have a wonderful time tonight, dearest," said the young man to his date as he greeted her in the living room of her parents' home. "I have three tickets to the theater."

"But why do we need *three* tickets?" asked the truly voluptuous young lady.

"Simple," said he. "They're for your mother, father and brother."

The haze and warmth of the summer evening added to the atmosphere of passion on the small lake, deserted except for a canoe drifting lazily on its surface. In it, clasped in close embrace, lay George and Marilyn, gazing into each other's eyes and murmuring the special phrases of lovers.

With a delicious silken rustle that set the canoe to gently rocking, she pressed herself still closer to him.

"Georgie," she sighed, "will you love me always?"

"Of course, my darling," he whispered tenderly. "Which way would you like me to try first?"

Doctor Jones was called to examine his friend Frank, who at sixty-four had married a woman less than half his age. The doctor noticed that she was an extremely attractive and voluptuously proportioned girl. After a thorough examination, he knew that the cause of his friend's illness was exhaustion. He wrote a prescription and was preparing to leave when the patient asked:

"Well, Doc, what's wrong with me? Am I overweight?"

"No, Frank," answered the doctor with a sidelong glance at the buxom young bride, "overmatched."

Pierre, the passionate masseur, was recently fired when he rubbed a lady customer the wrong way.

A man has reached old age when he can't take "Yes" for an answer.

Some men like big girls, others like little lasses.

It's easy to admire a good loser at a strip poker party.

His apartment was his living quarters and laboratory combined, Sam, the brilliant young inventor, explained to his friend as he showed him around the premises. With an uncharacteristic flourish, he drew back the velvet curtains enclosing a cozy alcove. There, stretched out on a divan, was a dazzling blonde, as nubile and as nude as any the visitor had ever seen. In her hand she held a glass, empty except for two ice cubes.

"This is my latest and greatest invention," the genius beamed proudly. "I call it instant sex. You just add Scotch."

When a girl is invited to a man's apartment to see his etchings, it's usually not a standing invitation.

The announcements of the professor's new book on astrophysics and his wife's new baby appeared almost simultaneously in the newspaper. Upon being congratulated on "this proud event in the family," the professor naturally thought of the achievement that had cost him the greater effort.

"Thank you," he replied modestly, "but I couldn't have done it without the help of two graduate students."

"I was a 97-pound weakling," the man said to his drinking companion, "and whenever I went to the beach with my girl, this 197-pound bully came over and kicked sand in my face. So I took this weight-lifting course I read about and in a little while I weighed 197 pounds."

"So what happened?" his friend wanted to know.

"I went to the beach with my girl and a 257-pound bully kicked sand in my face."

When they speak of anticipating a blessed event in Hollywood, it invariably means the arrival of the divorce papers.

The abundantly endowed starlet had just stepped out of the bathtub in her hotel suite and was about to reach for a towel when she caught sight of a window washer taking in all of her charms. The starlet, too stunned to move, stood staring at the man.

"Whatcha lookin' at, lady?" he finally asked. "Ain'tcha never seen a window washer before?"

"Why can't you just greet me with cocktails the way other wives do?"

In the race toward matrimony, many a lucky secretary finds herself on the last lap.

A modern motto explaining the gentle art of conquest: PLY NOW PLAY LATER.

Some women take a man to the cleaners as soon as they spot him.

Card playing can be expensive—but so can any game where you begin by holding hands.

Shapely limbs help many a girl to branch out.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *Hollywood* as the city where they put beautiful frames in pictures.

It's easy to lie with a straight face, but it's nicer to lie with a curved body.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *nudism* as a different way of looking at things.

Some girls are discreet up to a point, and some are discreet up to a pint.

A girl can be poor on history but great on dates.

Nothing is more wasted than a smile on the face of a girl with a forty-inch bust.

So seldom is she in her cups, Margie's forgotten what size she takes.

Bobby's mother had been away for a few weeks and was questioning her small son about events during her absence.

"Well," said the boy, "one night we had an awful thunderstorm. It was so bad that I got scared, and so Daddy and me slept together."

"Bobby," said Babette, the boy's pretty French nursemaid, "you mean 'Daddy and I.' "

"No, I don't," exclaimed Bobby. "That was last Thursday. I'm talking about Monday night."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *window dresser* as a girl who doesn't pull down the shades.

An old fraternity brother told us about a gag an undergrad girl friend of his pulled off last semester: She disguised herself as a boy, joined TKE and the authorities never found out about it.

"Wait a minute," we objected. "If this girl joined a fraternity, she would have had to dress with the guys and shower with them."

"Sure."

"Well then, someone must have discovered she was a girl!"

"Probably," said our friend, downing his drink. "But who'd tell?"

Rules are the means of a girl's assessing which man she likes well enough to break them for.

"Ever seen <u>that</u> kind of cleaning power, Madam?!"

Anxious to be on time for his date, Carl nevertheless dropped into a drugstore to make a hasty purchase. The druggist gave him a knowing smile, so Carl gave him a run-down on the expectations he had for the evening.

"I met this girl at a party last week," he explained. "A real hot number. Her folks are going to the opera tonight and it will be just the two of us with the whole apartment to ourselves."

Carl was greeted with a warm hug at the door by Nancy, his date. They settled on the couch and turned on the TV. Her folks would be leaving in a few minutes, she explained. Her father wasn't home from work yet, and as soon as he arrived the parents would be departing for dinner and the opera.

Nancy's father arrived soon after and she introduced both parents to Carl.

"Say, why don't Nancy and I join you this evening?" Carl suggested.

"Oh, you children don't want to be spending your evening with us old folks," said Nancy's mother.

"Sure we do," said Carl, before the flabbergasted Nancy could say a word.

"I didn't know you liked opera," said the bewildered Nancy to her date as he helped her on with her coat.

"No," said Carl, "and I didn't know your father was a druggist either."

Girls who think they will hate themselves in the morning should learn to sleep till noon.

Chivalry has changed from the days of Sir Walter Raleigh, but contrary to rumor, it hasn't died out altogether: a man will still lay his coat at the feet of a pretty girl; the difference is that nowadays it's intended to keep her back from getting dirty.

I know a place," said the sharp college coed to her sorority sister, "where men don't wear anything, except maybe a watch once in a while."

"Where is that?" the second campus cutie asked eagerly.

"Around the wrist, silly."

A wealthy young American was wandering through the Montmartre section of Paris when he came upon a lovely French miss who looked for all the world like Brigitte Bardot.

"Could I buy you a drink?" he asked, by way of striking up a conversation.

"No, thank you," she said, "I don't drink."

"What about a little dinner with me in my room?"

"No, I don't believe that would be proper," she said.

Having had no success with the subtler approaches, the young man pressed directly to the point: "I am charmed by your refreshing beauty, mademoiselle, and will give you anything your heart desires if you will spend the night with me."

"Oh, no, no, monsieur, I could never do a thing like that."

"Tell me," the young man said, laughing, "don't you ever do anything the slightest bit improper?"

"Oui," said the French girl, "I tell lies."

We know a broadminded miss who will go out with men of any denomination, but prefers those with fifties and hundreds.

JACK KIRBY

The reason the modern girl's bathing suit is real cool is that most of it is real gone.

A millionaire we know has filled his swimming pool with martinis. He claims it's impossible to drown, since the deeper you sink, the higher you get.

One of the recent cases investigated by the Director of Internal Revenue was that of a young girl who listed her apartment rent as "expenses incurred while entertaining clients."

Some girls think it's fun to fight against being kissed, while others prefer to just take it lying down.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *beatnik* as Santa Claus the day after Christmas.

Whether or not a girl can be had for a song depends on a man's pitch.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *experience* as the wonderful knowledge that enables you to recognize a mistake when you make it again.

A wife made to order can't compare with a ready maid.

The girl who will go to a man's apartment to see his etchings may not know anything about art, but she knows what she likes.

An ingenious psychiatrist we know claims there are millions to be made on his invention—a double couch.

Precisely nine months after the young couple were married, the wife was rushed to the hospital with an urgent call from the stork. Shortly after her arrival, the doctor came out of the delivery room and told the husband he was the father of a bouncing baby boy.

The new father consulted his watch, and said, "Well, nature certainly is precise. It's exactly 7 o'clock."

Twenty minutes later, the doctor came out again, all smiles. "Congratulations again," he said. "You're also the father of a baby girl."

"Yessir, doc," came the father's reply, "right to the minute." Then, glancing at his watch, he added, "Well, I guess I'll go out and have a drink. There isn't another one due until 10:30."

A vice-president at our bank made the sage observation that women without principle draw plenty of interest.

It is written that a woman doesn't mind if a man is a cad—as long as his convertible is, too.

A wag we know once remarked that paying alimony is like pumping gasoline into another man's car.

Don't ask us where we've been, but we just heard about the two nudists who decided to stop dating because they felt they were seeing too much of each other.

"Lizzie Mae is going to have a right nice little family by the time she's old enough to get married."

Her name was Clarissa and she was curved, Harry decided, in a manner that could only be called awesome. She was also, alas, virtually brainless, but luckily this lack was not a hindrance to the type of entertainment Harry had in mind for the evening. He was, therefore, delighted when she agreed to accompany him to his apartment.

As he mixed the drinks with fingers nervously nimble with anticipation, Clarissa wandered aimlessly around his apartment, pausing here and there to cast a perplexed eye over a book title or painting that eluded her. Finally she stopped stock-still before his fireplace.

"What in the world is that thing?" she asked, pointing to a carved wooden object resting on the mantel.

"Oh, that's African," he responded. "It was used in fertility rites. Actually, it's a phallic symbol."

"Well," Clarissa said, demurely patting her hair into place, "I'd hate to tell you what it looks like."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *drive-in movie* as wall-to-wall car-petting.

A retired four-star general ran into his former orderly, also retired, in a Manhattan bar and spent the rest of the evening persuading him to come to work for him as his valet.

"Your duties will be exactly the same as they were in the army," the general said. "Nothing to it—you'll catch on again fast."

Next morning promptly at eight o'clock, the ex-orderly entered the ex-general's bedroom, pulled open the drapes, gave the general a gentle shake, strode around to the other side of the bed, spanked his employer's wife on her bottom and said, "OK, sweetheart, it's back to the village for you."

Sally and Hortense were busy, in the age-old manner of secretaries on their lunch hour, gabbing and gobbling at the same time. The subject was men, and strangely enough it was Hortense, the plainer of the two, who was doing the talking.

"I tell you, Sally," she said excitedly, her eyes sparkling, "he's the only guy in my whole life who's made me feel this way. Oh, the touch of his hand, the sound of his voice, the—"

"You certainly sound pretty far gone on him," Sally interrupted amusedly.

"Oh, yes," said Hortense brightly. "This time it's the real thing—*sex*."

Psychoanalysis is a lot of bunk," one imbiber said to his bar companion.

"Why do you say that?"

"I've been undergoing analysis for six months and today my analyst tells me I'm in love with my umbrella! Have you ever heard anything so ridiculous?"

"That's pretty crazy," agreed the friend.

"I would say that we certainly hold a sincere affection for each other. But *love*? Ridiculous!"

Carol was furious when she came home unexpectedly and caught her Harry in bed with a lady midget.

"You promised me two weeks ago that you would never cheat on me again," she stormed.

Harry shrugged his shoulders and murmured airily, "Well, as you can see, I'm tapering off."

"What's a girl like you doing in a nice place like this . . . ?"

The door of the psychiatrist's office burst open and a man rushed in. He was obviously in an advanced stage of agitation.

"Doctor," he cried, "you've got to help me. I'm sure I'm losing my mind. I can't remember anything . . . not what happened a year ago, or even what happened yesterday! I must be going crazy!"

"Hmm," said the psychiatrist thoughtfully. "Just when did you first become aware of this problem?"

The man looked puzzled. "What problem?"

Many girls like the quiet things in life—like the folding of a hundred-dollar bill.

The distraught father hurried down the beach to the spot where his lovely daughter lay. A bronzed lifeguard stood over her.

"I've just resuscitated her, sir," he said.

"Then, by God," exclaimed the father, "you'll *marry* the girl!"

The board members of the Cordial Catsup Company were wowed by the idea their ad agency had come up with for their billboard campaign. It showed a husband type seated before a delectable steak in a smart restaurant, and a pretty young waitress in a tight-fitting uniform was handing him a bottle of catsup.

"This is great," said the prexy of Cordial Catsup, "but remember, our appeal here is to housewives, so let's clean that title up a bit. 'What does she know about your husband that you don't know?' is too suggestive."

A week later the billboards were attracting attention all over the country with the caption: "He gets it downtown—why not give it to him at home?"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *alcoholic* as a guy you don't like who drinks as much as you do.

To most couples, curbing their emotions means parking.

Roger, the handsome real estate agent, couldn't remember when he'd rented an apartment to a more desirable tenant. As she bent over his desk to sign the lease, he became aware that his pulse was beating in his ears with the sound of bongo drums.

"Well," he said, "that's that. I wish you much happiness in your new apartment, and here are the two keys that come with it."

She straightened up, accepted the keys, and favored him with a dazzling smile.

"And here is a month's rent in advance, honey," she replied. And she handed him back one of the keys.

Generally speaking, women are.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines:

Anatomy as something that everybody has, but it looks better on a girl;

Bore as a guy with a cocktail glass in one hand and your lapel in the other;

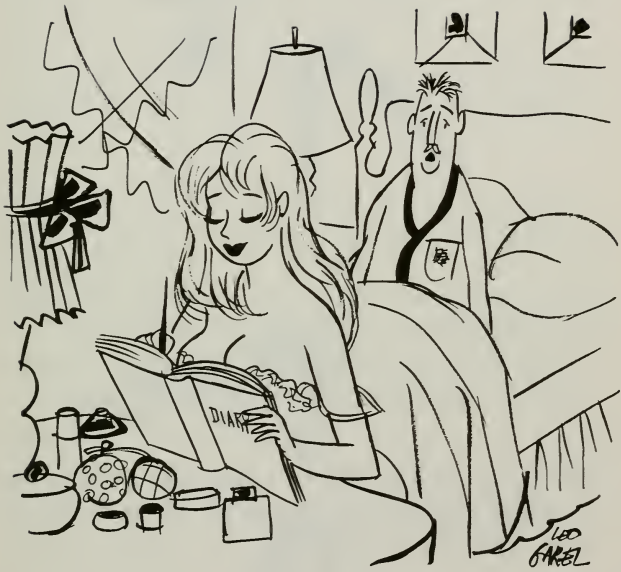
Cooperation as an exchange between a woman and a man in which she coos while he operates;

Good clean fun as a couple taking a bath together;

Husband as an unfortunate who began by handing out a line and ended by walking it;

Kiss as an application for a better position;

Slip cover as a maternity dress.



"If you don't mind, Miss Cabot, I'd prefer to be put down as just Mr. X."

It's a great life if you weaken enough to enjoy it.

Harry stepped out of his office building and bumped into a group of his advertising-agency friends.

"Join us for lunch, Harry boy?" asked one of them.

"Sorry," was the answer. "I'm on the wagon."

Many a man who thinks he's going on a maiden voyage with a girl finds out later from her lawyer that it was a shakedown cruise.

Shed a tear for the beatnik who committed suicide, leaving this note: "Goodbye cool world."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *bachelor* as a fellow who can take women or leave them and prefers to do both.

What must surely be the final version of the traveling salesman's gag has come our way. It concerns a hapless merchant on the move who ran out of gas on a lonely country road, trudged to the nearest farmhouse and asked if he could spend the night. The farmer promptly shot him in the head with a shotgun.

A waggish friend of ours observes that money can't buy love, but it can put you in an excellent bargaining position.

Absent-minded is hardly the word for the pretty secretary who left her clothes at the office and took her boss to the cleaner.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *voluptuous woman* as one who has curves in places where some girls don't even have places.

"How do you do, Miss. Let me introduce myself—I'm the architect of this building."

The nightclub's hat-check girl was obviously new, and Jack watched in mild amusement as, fumbling frantically to find his coat, she knocked garments off the racks and entangled herself in the hangers. His amusement had changed to fury, however, when a quarter of an hour later the room was a jumble of outerwear and the silly girl had still not found his coat.

"Forget it!" he finally cried in rage. "I'll send somebody for it tomorrow!" And, seething, he strode out into the bitter cold of a snowstorm, clutching the lapels of his suit jacket. The girl ran after him.

"Hey, you cheapskate," she called, "what about my tip?"

Some men don't give women a second thought. The first one covers everything.

Many an actress' career begins when she becomes too big for her sweaters, and ends when she becomes too big for her britches.

A girl who finds it possible to resist every attempt made to seduce her should be going out with stronger men.

When the struggling stenographer quits struggling, she often discovers that she doesn't have to be a stenographer.

Sylvester was a sprightly ninety years of age when he married Elizabeth, who was a resoundingly ripe eighteen-year-old. As they prepared for bed on their wedding night, he asked her:

"Tell me, sweet child, did your mother tell you the facts of life?"

She blushed furiously from her hairline to the tips of her toes.

"No," she shyly murmured.

"That's a great pity," he said, "because I'm afraid I've forgotten them."

Never try to keep up with the Joneses; they might be newlyweds.

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *sympathy* as that which one woman offers another in exchange for the details.

Florence and Emily, two pretty young housewives, had arranged to have cocktails and lunch together, but as soon as they met, Emily could see that something serious was bothering her friend.

"Out with it, Florence," she commanded. "What's depressing you so?"

"I'm ashamed to admit it," Florence wailed, "but I caught my husband making love."

"Why let that bother you?" laughed Emily. "I got mine the same way."

"Gosh, doctor, I feel marvelous! And I thought my nervousness was due to a vitamin deficiency!"

"In the book, they were like this."

The Alaskan miners were whooping it up in a Fairbanks bar and kidding a visiting Texan about his state now being the *second* biggest in the Union.

"Texas may no longer be the biggest state," said the Lone Star oilman, "but it's still the toughest!"

"Toughest?!" cried one of the miners, almost beside himself with laughter. "Why, up here in Alaska we don't consider a man a man unless he can down a fifth of whiskey in one pull at the bottle, wrestle a grizzly bear with his bare hands, and rape an Eskimo woman, all in one night!"

"There's nothing to that," said the oilman. "Any Texan worthy of the name could do that!" Whereupon, a wager was made on whether or not this particular Texan could prove himself by these prescribed Alaskan standards. He took a full fifth of whiskey and downed it without considerable trouble.

"All right," he said, "where do I find me a grizzly bear?"

The miners explained that the mountains surrounding the town were full of bears and that he would have no trouble finding one, so the Texan stalked out into the night, and the Alaskans returned to their drinking and merrymaking, convinced they had seen the last of their new acquaintance. But two hours later, lo and behold, the Texan came staggering back into the bar. His clothes were in shreds and his body a mass of bloody cuts and bruised. For a moment no one spoke, then the Texan said: "All right, now where's the Eskimo woman you want me to wrestle?"

The good doctor had been an inspiration to the jungle natives. He had cured their sick and taught them the religious and moral values of his own England. He was loved and respected by every native in the village, but on this particular afternoon the chief was obviously troubled as he entered the doctor's hut.

"You live among my people long time now," said the chief. "You tell us not right for man and girl to be close together before marriage and we believe what you say. This morning white child born to woman in village. You only white man in jungle. What I tell my people?"

The doctor smiled and led the chief to a window. "My son," he said, "I won't attempt to give you a full scientific explanation for the phenomenon known as an albino. But look at the flock of sheep upon that hill. Every one is snow white except one. The white baby born to the woman in your village means nothing more or less than that one black sheep in the white flock. It is simply one of nature's mysterious accidents."

The black chief became embarrassed and looked at his feet. "OK, doc," he said. "You no tell—I no tell."

As they ran for their respective trains, Ralph called to his fellow-commuter, Paul:

"How about a game of golf tomorrow?"

"Sorry," Paul called back, "but it's the kids' day off, and I've got to take care of the maid."

Give a man enough rope and he'll claim he's tied up at the office.

When Cleo's parents threatened to forbid her to see her boyfriend unless she told them why he'd been there so late the night before, she finally began to talk.

"Well," she said, "I took him into the loving room, and—"

"That's 'living,' dear," her mother interrupted.

Said the happy girl, "You're telling me!"

Everybody thought the Miss Albuquerque beauty contest was going to be a hotly contested affair, but Susan walked away with first place with nary a dissenting vote. Turned out she was the only one of the contestants who could get all those letters across her chest.

In Hollywood, when a movie star tells a child a bedtime story, it usually goes like this: "Once upon a time, there was a Mama Bear, a Papa Bear and a Baby Bear by a previous marriage. . ."

The trouble with being kept is that the rent is always due.

A kangaroo hopped into one of the better midtown Manhattan bars and requested a martini, dry. The bartender had never seen a kangaroo outside the zoo, but he complied with the request.

"How much?" asked the kangaroo.

"A dollar and a half," said the bartender.

As the marsupial downed the drink, the bartender remarked, "I've never seen a kangaroo in here before."

"No," said the kangaroo, "and at these prices, you're not likely to again."

I'm through going to psychiatrists," asserted the call-girl. "I just can't get used to a guy who tells me to lie down on a couch and then sends me the bill."

There was a generous area of disagreement between the sexy young widow and a bachelor friend she said had sired the latest addition to her brood. So they took their problem to court.

"Did you sleep with this woman?" asked the judge.

To which our hero replied, sincerely, "Not a wink, your honor. Not a wink."

Some girls ask the boss for advances on next week's salary. Others ask for salary on next week's advances.

"Guess who's been invited to take part in the Dance of the Virgins?"

"You know, Susan—you're going to make some lucky guy a wonderful wife. I'll spread the word around."

Max the plumber was summoned to a mansion to fix a leak and, discovering a very pretty maid there, he lost no time trying to combine business with pleasure. The girl refused on the grounds that her mistress was home, and she didn't want to be discovered and fired. After several refusals, Max finished the job and returned to his shop.

Next morning his phone rang and his caller was the maid. In dulcet tones, she informed him that her mistress was out and asked if he wanted to come over and see her.

"What!" yelled Max. "On my own time?"

Our Research Department has just come up with a stack of statistics proving that a considerable number of college students do *not* make love in parked cars. In fact, the report continues, the woods are full of them.

A good resolution is like many a pretty modern girl—easy to make but hard to keep.

The censors of the cinema have never given proper credit to a group probably more responsible than any other for keeping sex out of the movies: ushers.

Said Flo, a lady of the evening, to Dolores (another pro) : "Would you please lend me ten dollars until I get back on my back?"

A rather naïve young man named Lester had recently reached manhood, and had no idea why he was continuously nervous and tense. He went to see his doctor. The M.D. was not in, but his nurse was, a red-headed vixen who wore her uniform so tight that Lester's jitters noticeably increased. She asked him what was wrong and he told her. She eyed him appraisingly.

"That's easy to fix," she said. "Come with me." She led Lester into a small examination room, and there relieved his tensions.

As he was preparing to leave, she said, "That will be twenty dollars." And quite satisfied, Lester was pleased to pay.

Several weeks went by, and Lester found the same unrest growing in him again. He returned to the doctor's office and this time the doctor was in. He listened to Lester's symptoms, then wrote out a prescription on a piece of paper and handed it to him.

"This is for tranquilizers," the doctor said. "You can have it filled downstairs. That will be five dollars, please."

Lester looked at the small piece of paper for a few moments, then looked up at the doctor and said, "If it's all the same to you, doc, I'd just as soon have the twenty-dollar treatment."

Latest comment from the pundits regarding the population explosion: if the birth rate keeps increasing there will soon be standing room only on the earth, at which time the birth rate should stop increasing pretty quickly.

Lindquist

The suburban couple, middle-aged and married for very nearly 22 years, were out for the Saturday-afternoon ritual with the grass, the bushes and flowers. He was putting Vigoro on the crab grass and she was pruning the rose bushes, but somehow their minds didn't seem to be on their work. The wife seemed especially discontent and was mumbling under her breath about something; then, quite unexpectedly, she stalked over to where the husband was standing, examining at close range a tree fungus on his favorite elm, and gave him a short kick to the ankle.

"Ow-ouch!" exclaimed the husband, seizing the bruised appendage. "What the hell did you do that for?!"

"That," she said, stalking back to her rose bushes, "is for being such a lousy lover!"

The husband thought about this unexpected attack for a minute or two, then he turned and—just as resolutely as she had a few moments before—stalked over and gave his wife a swift and well-placed foot to the be-

hind as she bent over, about to pluck an American Beauty.

"OW!" she wailed. "You brute—why did you do *that?*"

"*That,*" said he, returning to his elm, "is for knowing the difference!"

The voluptuous blonde entered the dentist's office in an obvious state of agitation. She sat down in the chair and fidgeted nervously as the dentist prepared his utensils.

"Oh, doctor," she exclaimed, as he prepared to look into her mouth, "I'm so afraid of dentists. Why, I think I'd rather have a baby than have a tooth drilled."

"Well, miss," said the dentist impatiently, "better make up your mind before I adjust the chair."

Trouble with being the best man at a wedding is that you don't get a chance to prove it.

The forgetful professor had left his umbrella in his hotel room when checking out; he missed it on the way to the train station and, still having time to spare, he hurried back. He found the room and was about to ask a passing chambermaid to open it for him, when he became aware of voices within and realized that, in the brief time since his departure, the room had been let to new occupants.

"Whose little baby are you?" asked a youthful male voice from behind the door, and the question was followed by the sound of kisses and a girlish giggle.

"Your little baby," said the youthful female voice.

"And whose little hands are these?" asked the boy.

"Your little hands," responded the girl, with more giggles of delight. "And whose little knees . . . and whose little . . ."

"When you get to an umbrella," said the professor through the door, "it's mine!"

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *artificial insemination* as copulation without representation.

Gently massaging the trick knee of his curvacious young patient, the doctor inquired:

"What's a joint like this doing in a nice girl like you?"

A sweater girl is one who knows that it's possible for a man to concentrate on two things at once.

Over gibsons, two animated gentlemen were having a rousing battle about the charms of Kim Novak.

"I say she's overrated," said one. "Take away her eyes, her hair, her lips and her figure and what have you got?"

"My wife," said the other, with a heavy sigh.

Before you allow yourself to fall in love with a pair of bright eyes, make sure it's not just the sun shining through the back of her head.

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